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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Read notice in Publisher's Column, 5th page.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1891. NUMBER 43.

Poetry.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Abou Ben Adam, of whom we all have read,
One wakeful night lay tossing on his bed,
Courting sweet sleep in vain. The room was hot,
Mosquitoes thick, and hard his humble cot,
Though not so hard as other things he knew—
That rich mince pie of generous slices, two;
That sausage fried; that ripe Limburger cheese,
And viands various that did his palate please,
Yet pleased his stomach not. Here Abou groaned,
And tossed and turned, and for his sins atoned,
Moral and dietetic; and brought things up
Both from the past and elsewhere. Vowed ne'er again to sup;
Gestured with emphasis, while great sighs he heaved
And other things.
When, somewhat relieved,
He laid him back—his mind went backward, too—
And past events called up in brief review.
Monest happenings that sauntered to the front
Were the nocturnal visits he had told Leigh Hunt
About, and Hunt, in turn, the world.
E'en in distress his itp indignant curled;
For Hunt all credit got, he but abuse.
Some darkly hinted too free draughts of juice;
Others, admitting that his tale was true,
Held that his guest from lower regions flew.
Abou himself had to himself confessed
His ignorance concerning why his guest
Had placed him first on all that goodly roll
Displayed the second visit. Abou saw the scroll
In his mind's eye as plainly now as then,—
That long, long list of great and godly men.
Recalled the gasp, the startled words that burst
When he perceived that he of all was first.
E'en faithful Abraham was counted as his second,
And Amen *pater* only third was reckoned.
"I would," said Abou, "I had been less slow,
and asked the reason."
As Abou spake a glow
Familiar filled the room. A voice cried, "I am here!"
"Well, that's a fact!" said Abou—"A truth more dear
Than one I'm pondering on; so speak me true,
And tell me what I did, or did not do—
The why, the wherefore, the how or what or when,
That smiled me first of all my fellow-men."
The angel smiled—a slow and scornful smile.
"Thou egotist! Thou fool!" he cried, the while
His silvery tones to freezing accents changed:—
"That list was alphabetically arranged!"

S. ISADORE MINER.

Toledo, Oct. 8, 1891.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A tidy kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze:
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands
So sticky, small and brown—
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what mighty strength may be
Hidden within their grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
What has the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chimes be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of men beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of golden
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

—[Algernon Swinburne.

ORIGIN OF FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

The queen of fairies on a day,
Was busy making clovers;
And, when her task was done she found
She had one leaf left over.

At first she knew not what to do,
Indeed, was almost frightened—
To waste a whole great clover-leaf!
But suddenly she brightened.

Then, calling her assistants, said:
"I find, in making clover,
I must have somewhere counted wrong,
Here is a leaf left over.

"So haste, and bring me quickly here
A clover from the meadows;
And I will tell it loveiy tales
Of sunshine without shadows.

"Of merry hearts and happy days,
And hours of rarest pleasure;
Of smiling faces, dancing feet,
And rapture without measure.

"And then I will to it affix
This leaf which is left over;
Good-luck shall always follow him
Who finds a four-leafed clover."

—[Margaret R. Hines, in Independent.

Miscellany.

HIS WIFE'S CHAMPION.

Mr. Finkenbinder Paralyzes the Man Who Stepped on Her Dress.

"Lem, that man in there stepped on my dress and tore it."

"What man?"

"That man with the goggles on. He's holding on to a strap. When the car stopped I started to come out, and he put his great big foot on my dress. Just look at it, will you? It's ruined."

"It was an accident, wasn't it?"

"No. He did it on purpose. If I was a man I'd go back and knock him down."

"Why, Fan——"

"And if I had a husband that had any spunk he'd do it for me."

The street car had got half a block away by this time, but Mr. Finkenbinder did not hesitate. His courage had been called in question. His knightly honor as champion of the family was at stake. He ran after the street car, caught it, and went inside.

"Are you the man that stepped on my wife's dress just now?" he demanded, bristling up to a red-whiskered party who wore a pair of green goggles.

"Was that your wife that went out just now?" asked the red-whiskered party.

"It was, sir."

"If I stepped on her dress I didn't know it."

"She says you did it on purpose."

"If she were a man I'd make her take that back."

"I represent her, sir."

"You do, hey?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm a man."

"To some extent, sir; to some extent," rejoined the man with the goggles, as he looked Mr. Finkenbinder over.

"I'll show you——"

"Say! Look here! I don't want to have any trouble with you. If you'll bring your wife back here I'll apologize to her!"

"You'll apologize to me, sir!"

Mr. Finkenbinder was becoming belligerent.

"You'll apologize to me," he repeated, "or, by gum, I'll—"

"You'll what?"

"I'll punch your head!"

"You little speckled bantam!" roared the other. "If you don't climb out of this car I'll step on you!"

Mr. Finkenbinder's reply was a swinging right-hander. It lit squarely on the red-whiskered party's goggles, knocked them all out of shape, and broke the glasses to fragments.

The next two or three minutes seemed like a dream to Mr. Finkenbinder. He dimly remembered afterward that he experienced sensations as of a man being tossed from one side of the car to the other, flattened against the roof, jammed under seats, whirled round on his own axis, opened and shut like a jack-knife, and used as a football. There was a roaring in his ears, sparks of fire danced before his eyes, and an odor like that of brimstone filled the air. Women screamed, men dodged, and there was a general rush for the doors.

At the expiration of his engagement with the red-whiskered party, Mr. Finkenbinder found himself sitting on the ground. He was alone. The car was turning the corner a block away. He picked himself up, looked about him to take his bearings, and the recollection of what it was all about came to him by degrees. He went slowly back to the crossing where his wife was waiting for him. His hat was gone, his coat was split up the back, his nose was twice its natural size, one end of his shirt collar was loose and dangled mournfully over his shoulder, one eye was closed, and he was covered with dust and humiliation from head to foot.

"Did you demand satisfaction from the brute, Lem?" asked Mrs. Finkenbinder as her husband hobbled toward her.

"O, yes!" he replied, glaring at her with his only visible eye. "I demanded satisfaction from him. And I got it, madam—I got it! I hope you are as well satisfied as I am. Has there been any other giant that has stepped on your skirt or dared to look at you since I have been gone? If so," he went on with horrible calmness, "I'm ready to go and paralyze him, madam! Want me to go and whip anybody else? Any other seven-foot man with a fist like a canvas-covered ham that you'd like to have me go and knock down for daring to live in the same ward you do? You don't happen to think of any? Then come on, madam. With your permission your champion will escort you home."

And followed at a little distance by Mrs. Finkenbinder he hobbled on down the street, somewhat demoralized, but thoroughly satisfied.—[Chicago Tribune.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TACT.

Labouchere, Radical Editor, Portrays His Royal Highness.

Nature has endowed the Prince of Wales as it did Charles II. with great tact. Like that monarch, in his relations with the all sorts and conditions of men and women with whom he is brought in contact, he always says the right thing, and says it in a hearty and cheery way, as though its utterance were a pleasure. He presides over charity dinners, lays foundation stones, sits through scientific oratory, opens bazars, and dances at balls with unflagging zeal. He is eclectic in his surroundings. A few years ago he devoted himself greatly to American girls, as their exotic independence and freedom from conventionality pleased him. They have now been put aside, and he has developed a curious taste for vulgar and ostentatious parvenues of doubtful antecedents and nondescript nationality. This has caused heart burnings among those who deem that they ought by right of birth to be his associates; but it is a matter of absolute indifference to others.

A few months ago he figured in a court of law as a baccarat player where cheating had been suspected; and when it came out that he himself had provided the counters with which the game was played, he was lectured and prayed for by the "unco gude," although I confess I failed to see the difference between playing baccarat and keeping race horses. The general feeling was that it might be well for him to arrange his amusements as to manage to keep out of the law courts; but his popularity has not permanently suffered from this episode.—[Forum

Force of Training.

Judge.

Mrs. Aylesbury—"Why, Herkimer Aylesbury, what *are you doing?*"

Mr. Aylesbury (late New York Athletic club)—"If I've got to do any more sprinting with Cally to-night, I'm going to have cinders to do it on."

Keeping His Mind Busy.

A man went into a Kansas drug store the other day.

"Gimme some whisky," he said.

"Sick?" asked the druggist.

"Yep."

"Sick a good deal nowadays, aren't you?"

"Yep."

"Had fever yesterday?"

"Yep."

"Chills day before."

"Yep."

"What's the matter to day?"

"Well, um—er—to-day I'm sick o' tryin' to think up things to be sick of."—[Detroit Free Press.

Liked Pleasant Company.

First young man (at summer resort)—I have met a good many amateur photographers, but I never saw one quite so devoted to the fad as you are.

Second young man—I never take photographs.

"Eh? Then why do you carry that detective camera around with you all day, week in and week out?"

"Because when the girls see me coming all the ugly ones run away and all the pretty ones stay."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

Word's of Comfort to a Tramp.

"I never saw such impudent creatures as these tramps," said a woman to a huckster who had stopped in front of the farm house. "There was one along here this morning and he wouldn't go away."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; and I told him that if he didn't move on I'd have him behind the bars at the village."

"What did he do then?"

"He took off his hat and said 'Thanks, madam, for your words of comfort to a thirsty fellow-being.'"—[Washington Star.

A Dignified Answer.

A North Side teacher was getting the new pupils tabulated.

"What does your father do?" she asked one of the new boys.

"He's a contractor," was the reply.

"A railway contractor?"

"No, ma'am; a sausage contractor. He ties up the ends after another man has filled 'em."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Village Divisions.

Husband (a villager)—The butter is strong, the coffee tastes as if made of beans and this sugar is half sand. Why don't you deal with Straight & Co. Their goods are always reliable.

Wife—Mr. Straight doesn't belong to our church.—[New York Weekly.

Don't Monkey.

Mr. Bumpus—I've heard that the ape can not swim. Very strange, isn't it?

Mrs. Bumpus—Yes, very. Don't go out too far, dear.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

WANTED TO TRY THE STAGE,

And Her Husband Asked Her a Few Questions—The Happy Result.

Why are so many women attracted by the glamour of the stage? asks a writer in the New York *Sun*. If misfortune comes the theatrical profession is one of the vocations seriously considered, notwithstanding the lack of preparation, fitness and training.

"I wish I could go on the stage," a young wife remarked to her husband, who had become embarrassed in business.

"And break up our home?" he suggested.

"Not at all," she replied confidently. "We could then have plenty of money and you could be out of your trouble." An eager light came to her eyes, and she continued; "We'd have horses and carriages, and you could ride to the theatre with me every night, or until you were tired of seeing the same play over and over again, and then you could call for me after the play, and we could have a nice little supper before going home."

"Who would take care of the flat?"

"Oh, we wouldn't live here. We would live in a fine apartment house, or a hotel, and would not be bothered about housekeeping. I'd wear lots of nice dresses and have bouquets every night, and——"

"From whom?"

"The audience, of course."

"Have you ever observed any enthusiastic auditors going out to get bouquets? They are not for sale in the lobbies. They are carefully prepared tributes from admirers. Suppose I should object to the attentions of admirers you would be likely to attract."

"Then you could send the bouquets yourself. I must have flowers. All actresses, that is, the best actresses, have flowers."

"Do they?"

"Certainly. Then I'd have my dressing room handsomely decorated, and I'd have a nice easy chair for you to sit in during the acts. I'd have a maid, too."

"Have you ever seen the interior of a dressing room?"

"No; but they must be nice, because actresses must have such places in which to put on their fine dresses."

"You wouldn't be anything less than a star?"

"Of course not."

"And wouldn't travel?"

"Only to the biggest cities, and we would meet the nicest people everywhere."

"If I have to escort you to the theater, return about midnight, and get up at 6 or 7 o'clock the next morning to attend to business, how long, do you suppose, would I last?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"If I have to travel with you how can I attend properly to my business here?"

"I hadn't thought—let somebody else attend to that."

"You wouldn't go without me?"

"Of course not. If you couldn't go I wouldn't travel. I wouldn't act for awhile."

"If your contract—all stars have contracts—compelled you?"

"Must I act if don't want to?"

"Generally. And how about tights?"

"Horrors! I couldn't. I simply couldn't. I was thinking of the money we could make. There's Mrs. ——," referring to a neighbor. "She gets $100 a week."

"How long has she studied?"

"She hasn't studied at all. She belonged to an amateur dramatic society."

"How long?"

"Five or six years. But anybody can belong."

"Do you suppose that she hasn't studied for six years to be what she is?"

"She didn't seem to. I used to see her out shopping when I was down town."

"Where's her husband?"

"They're boarding now down town."

"Where's the boy?"

"With his grandmother in the country."

"Who is the young man who escorted her so many times?"

"A friend of her husband."

"Sure."

"So they say."

"Don't you know that they are paving the way for a divorce, and don't you know that her home has been broken up? Don't you know that ——"

"Stop, dear, please. I don't want to go on the stage."

THE POEM DIDN'T READ RIGHT,

And the Poor Rhymster Was All Broken Up.

An editor was sitting in his office one day, when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B——," said the editor, trying to spell it.

"That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,'" said the man.

"S?" Oh yes, I see. Well, it looks like 'Sal for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,'" said the editor.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the sort. That's my name—Samuel Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, entitled 'The Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the editor.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Sneercase To-morrow.'"

"A blunder of the printer, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. (The editor coughed.) Let me show you. The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow, I induced her to elope.' 'Weeping widow,' mind you. A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! this is too much! But look at the fourth verse. That's worse yet. 'Cast thy pearls before swine, and lose them in the dirt,' He makes it read in this fashion: 'Cast thy pills before sunrise, and love them if they hirt.' Now isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings?"

"It's hard, very hard," said the editor.

"Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, as plain as daylight: 'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.' In its printed form you made me say: 'Take away the tingling honey; put some flies in for the boss.' By George! I feel like attacking somebody with you fire shovel! But, oh! look at the sixth verse. I wrote: 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.' When I opened your paper, and saw the line transformed into, 'I'm wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees,' I thought that was taking it an inch too far. I have a right to murder that compositor. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the editor. "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet, "and I will come armed."—[Yankee Blade.

THE BOY WAS MAD.

When No. 9 Came He Drew the Line.

There were eight of the young Daers, and my friend Robbie was number six. He is a sturdy little fellow, with faded flaxen hair—he won't wear a hat!—and a very pink face liberally spattered with big brown freckles. It has been the business of Robbie's life to "tend the baby," and what a relentless tyrant that baby seemed to be! All day long Robby played with it, and waited upon it, and pushed it around in the rickety perambulator which has been occupied successively by all the Daer infants. One hour, and one only, in the day was he free; that was during the baby's nap. Then how Robbie gloried in his emancipation! Into that brief hour he tried to compress all the fun that other small boys spread over the whole twenty-four. It was exhilarating to watch him enjoy himself.

"When the baby's bigger," Robbie told me one day, "then I'll go to school 'n' learn to count, like Bert; 'n' I'll have a coat with pockets like Jo's; 'n' I'll sell papers 'n' make money, same as Fred does. But I haf to stay at home 'n' tend the baby now, cos mother's too busy. After the baby's bigger, I'll get to go 'n' play ball on Saturdays, 'n' I'm go'n' to buy me a bat like Bert's. Oh, I'll have lots of fun after the baby's bigger!"

But one afternoon, while the baby took his nap, Robbie failed to devote himself to enjoyment with his usual fervor. I saw him sitting on the porch steps all alone, with a wrinkled brow and eyes fixed upon the ground.

"What's the matter, Robbie?" I asked. "Why aren't you playing?"

"Oh——cos!"

"Are you sick?"

"None."

"Come tell me what's the trouble."

Robbie rose slowly, still frowning, and thrust his hands deep into his knickerbockers—he had no pockets, poor boy! As he approached me, I could see that he was trying hard not to cry.

"Say," said he, at last, with great solemnity, "do you love God? Mother does."

"Every one loves God, Robbie, except wicked people and the heathen."

"What's heathen?"

I explained.

"Do you think God's smart?" His eyes were fixed on the ground as he asked.

"Why, Robbie?"

He looked up with desperation on his face.

"Well, I don't!" he exclaimed. "Guess I'll haf to go n' be a heathen. God's sent us another baby—'n' I'm just disgusted with Him!"—[Kate Field's Washington.

SHE'D GO WITHOUT THE GOWN.

A Little Domestic Scene Familiar to Most Wives.

He seemed satisfied with himself and at peace with all the world when he sat down to his dinner.

"Been shopping to-day?" he asked.

His wife nodded.

"I had nothing else to do," she said.

"Did you see anything you wanted?" he asked.

She nodded again.

"I saw a handsome tea-gown," she said, "but——"

"But what?" he asked. Haven't I been generous ever since my business has prospered?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Haven't I given you everything you wanted that money could buy?"

You haven't stinted me in anything," she returned.

"And haven't I worked hard to make the money?" he went on.

"Yes," she said "you've worked very hard. Are you going to the office to-night?"

"Yes, I've got a little business that I must finish up. I guess I'll make enough on it to pay for that tea-gown.

"I'll go without the tea-gown, Harry," she said quickly.

He laid down his knife and fork and looked at her in surprise.

"Why, Jessie!" he exclaimed. "You can have it just as well as not. I——"

She suddenly pushed aside her plate and asked:

"Why did I marry you, Harry?"

"Why, I suppose, because——"

"I had a good, home" she interupted.

"Yes, of course."

"And my father was well off."

"Yes." He was plainly surprised.

"And what have you given me?" she asked, looking at him earnestly. Then, before he could reply, she answered her own question: "A home and money, Harry, and O, such a lonesome feeling some evenings! You seem to think——" She hesitated and then added: "I don't want the gown; really, I don't. I'd rather——"

He went over to her and kissed her, and, as she put her arms around his neck, said:

"I'm not going to the office to-night. I never thought, you know—you get that tea-gown, anyway! That settles that!"—[Chicago Tribune.

HOW HE WOULD ENTER

A Millionaire's Drawing-Room—It Wouldn't Do and He Quit.

It was during the rehearsal of a supremely swell domestic drama. The act in which a banquet at the house of the merchant prince is portrayed had been reached and the stage manager was breaking in the five gentlemen who had been engaged to play the millionaire guests at the revel.

The man who does the millionaire guest act at a first-class theater rarely gets more than 50 cents a night for it, and off the stage he doesn't look the part. Among the five in question was one whose clothes would have been rejected by any self-respecting second-hand dealer, and whose awkwardness was worthy of an infant camel. Seedy, broken down and wretched, he looked like a lithograph of misery personified. In ten minutes he had driven the stage manager to the verge of paresis. He would not come upon the scene properly.

He fell over his feet, the furniture and everything else, while the more the stage manager fumed the weirder grew his actions. Finally the manager walked up to him with a forced and deadly calm upon his features.

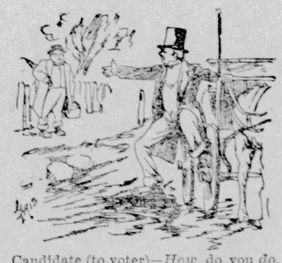
"My friend," he said, grasping the arm of the lowly super, "this is supposed to be the house of a very rich man. Now, how would you enter Mrs. Astor's drawing-room?"

"With a jimmy," was the answer.

There were only four guests at the banker's banquet when that play was produced.—[New York Advertiser.

During the Campaign.

Puck.



Candidate (to voter)—*How* do you do, my dear Mr. Haseed? And *how* is Mrs.—

Considerate voter—"Hi! Stop! Don't get in that mud. I'm going to vote for you any how."

A Colored Sam Jones.

"Uncle" Jason is a negro preacher who, in his way, is as original as Sam Jones. He recently preached a sermon in which he said that during a trance he was taken to heaven, and while there he saw the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians "way off to one side."

'And whar wur de Baptis'?" asked a brother in the congregation.

"Dey was rite at de throne," said Uncle Jason.

"How dey cum dare?"

"Well, de Lawd say de Baptis' am such onreliable raskals, he had to keep 'em whar he kin git hands on 'em!"—[Atlanta Constitution.

Expressive Language.

"What a beastly day," said Gus de Gormand. "Yes," said Uncle de G., who didn't like his nephew's expressive language; "isn't it a strikingly filthy day!" "In fact," said Aunt de G., "a blooming cesspool of a day, I call it." Refined Gus couldn't stand it, and now always says, "unpleasant day."—[London Fun.

Our Serial Story.

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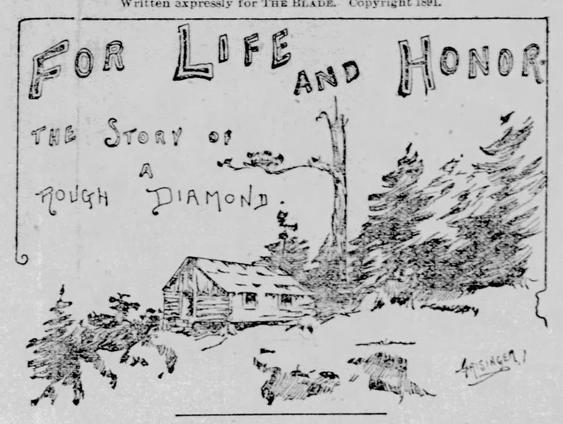


CHAPTER X.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

It was a week later than the events narrated in the last chapter, and Mr. John Powell, as he called himself, but George Tempest, in reality, sat in his pleasant front room, in a St. Louis private boarding house, in a brown study. Before him lay Harry Vandeveer's letter, and although the words in which Harry spoke of Irma Montaldo, and of the—to him—unknown relations which connected her with his friend, in a most guarded manner, Tempest could understand thoroughly that Harry desired that he should give him his confidence.

But should he do it? "If the matter concerned Irma alone—if there were none but she and I to be considered in this matter—he should have my confidence and welcome to it; but—" and leaving the sentence unfinished, he arose and thoughtfully paced the room. It was a neat, well furnished room, on a quiet though thoroughly genteel residence street of the city. George feared a chance encounter with some one who would recognize him, and hence had avoided stopping at a hotel. He was, so to speak, in hiding until such a time as he could determine upon his future line of conduct. He desired very much to return to California. The feeling that he was a wanderer in a strange land, driven forth from his home with the brand of Cain upon his brow, albeit innocent of the crime with which he was charged, was a strange one to him; and all his manhood revolted at the false part he was compelled to play.

In his pacing to and fro across the room, while revolving these thoughts in his mind, Tempest halted at the front window and gazed idly down the street. A postman in his gray uniform was working his way from house to house, stopping to drop a paper or a letter into a private box, ringing the next door-bell and delivering the mail to the servant, and crossing the street at frequent intervals as the exigencies of the case demanded.

"I that fellow had a letter for me," said George to himself, "it might perhaps solve my perplexity."

On came the carrier, stopping at the house immediately opposite, and then

THE LETTER CARRIER.

turning, came directly across the street.

"He is coming here, sure enough. But, pshaw! Whatever he has belongs to some one else in the house."

There was a sharp ring at the bell. George heard the servant go to the door and then begin to climb the stairs. On came the footsteps until they halted at his door. A rap, and then the words, in the rich brogue of Katy, the maid of all work: "A letther for yees, Mr. Powell."

A little white letter, bearing the Rosita postmark, and addressed in a hand he knew only too well. George tore it open hurriedly:

"You are the only friend to whom I can turn, and alas! you are far away. Your letter reached me only this evening, and I had scarcely read it before Bernstein came. He urged me to marry him. I refused. Then he threatened me—he told me that *my father* was the murderer of your uncle!

"Has fate anything more terrible yet in store for me? I dare not think; I am bewildered. I feel as if I should go mad. I do not know—I can not tell—whether you know the real criminal. I long to write the question, yet from pride and shame I dare not write it. But I ask you, for the sake of one who befriended you in your time of sorest need, for help. For the love of Heaven, if you know the real criminal, and if by publishing that knowledge, you can save me, do it at once.

"My father is in Sonora. While there he is safe, at least for the time. He was to have returned within three days. So soon as I have finished this letter, I shall start to join him. Bernstein gave me until my father's return to give him his answer. If this charge be true, he shall never return. But I am his daughter, and my place is with him. Even though it may be that he is a criminal, I—God help me—am still his daughter.

"You will know, if you really possess a knowledge of the real criminal, whether you can venture to return to Rosita or not. If Bernstein possesses the proofs of which he speaks, you need no longer be a wanderer. If his foul charge be false, for Our Lady's sake, speak and save me! I would rather die than be his wife. I know not what I am writing, for my head throbs as though it would burst. I can only say, if you possess knowledge that would help me, in pity aid me in this dire extremity, and you shall forever possess the undying gratitude of

"IRMA MONTALDO."

George sank down in the easy chair, a look of deep perplexity upon his face. "The infernal villain!" he muttered to himself. "If I ever get my hands upon his throat, I will strangle him! So Irma thinks that I know who committed the crime. I only wish I did! I would leave for Rosita on the next train, to bring him to justice."

Rising hurriedly, he resumed his restless walk up and down the room, his brow knitted in deep thought. "I will do it," he finally said aloud. Taking up his hat, he left the house and took his way toward the business portion of the city, going by back streets as far as possible, until he reached the banking house of Phillips & Co. Entering, he expressed a wish to withdraw the balance which had been transferred him from San Francisco by Colonel Vandever. This was soon completed, and he was turning away when the senior partner came up.

"Ah, Mr. Powell, going to leave the city?"

"Not at all, Mr. Phillips. I merely have a chance to make a little investment and desire the money for that purpose. I hope within a few days to receive another draft from my San Francisco correspondents, through your firm."

And as he thus answered the banker courteously, in his heart George was deploring the circumstances which compelled him to coin a ready lie in order to mask his future movements.

"Indeed!" was Mr. Phillips's reply. "We shall be glad to be so favored. By the way, Mr. Powell, my inquiry was prompted by the fact that a gentleman called in this morning to inquire about you."

"About me?" exclaimed George.

Yes. A friend of yours from San Francisco, I fancy. He inquired your address, but unfortunately I was not able to give it."

"My address? How thoughtless of me not to leave it with you in case anybody called. I am stopping with friends at 1710 Locust street," answered George, readily coining another falsehood. The address was fictitious, and located in quite another quarter of the city from his boarding house.

"Ah, yes, thank you. I will make a memorandum of it, in case your friend should call again."

"Did he leave any name?"

"Unfortunately no. He arrived from the West only last evening, however."

"Well, Mr. Phillips, in case he should call again, give him my address and say I should be delighted to see him. I have no idea who he can be, but I shall be glad to see any San Francisco friend. Good afternoon." And with a bow, George left the bank.

"I am getting to be a proficient in lying," said George to himself. "This matter is getting interesting. A friend from California! No, no friend, for all my friends know my real address; yet, how on earth did this fellow find out the name of John Powell? And of the bank through which money was transmitted to me? There has been a leak somewhere—possibly in the San Francisco bank. It is well that I made up my mind to leave St. Louis this evening. I must put plenty of distance between this fellow and myself. Luckily, I have ample funds to last me for some months."

Cogitating the startling announcement that the banker had made, George made his way as rapidly as possible back to his boarding house. He secured his money in a belt around his waist, burned the letters he had that day received from Harry and from Irma, and likewise destroyed every trace of writing about his baggage. His clothing had all been purchased after reaching St. Louis, and was consequently unmarked.

"If they should overhaul me, they certainly cannot prove my identity by anything on my person," thought he, as these preparations were completed. "I should write to Harry, but what can I say? No, I will telegraph him."

Calling the landlady, George explained elaborately that he had been called on business to Chicago, and that he would leave on the 4 o'clock train. He was not certain when he proposed to return to St. Louis, and should be pleased to resume his old quarters, to all of which the smiling landlady bowed assent, and, at his request, sent out for a cab, in order to transport him and his valise to the depot. George's board-bill had been paid in advance, and there were a couple of days to his credit, which he smilingly assured the landlady could just as well remain until his return. George kept her engaged in conversation until the cab arrived, when he gave the order to drive to the depot in a loud tone, so that there should be no mistake in case his inquisitive California friend should ferret out his place of abode and interview the landlady and servant. They would be absolutely certain that he had started for Chicago. As he entered the cab, he elaborately instructed the driver to make haste in order that he might not miss the 4 o'clock train. He settled himself down in one corner, secure from observation by any chance passer-by. When the depot was reached he alighted, took his valise and walked into the waiting room until the cab had departed. Then, going to the telegraph office, he sent the following dispatch to Harry Vandeveer:

"Letter received. Will write in few days. Just leaving for Chicago and the East. JOHN POWELL."

He walked again into the waiting room, which at that time happened to be empty, then out on the platform, strolled negligently its full length, slipped behind the parlor car which was standing on a side track, thence into the street, which he took until the first turning. Pursuing the same line of tactics, he was soon confident that he had eluded any possible pursuit, and, entering a second-rate restaurant, he ordered supper.

While waiting for the meal, he obtained a paper and carefully scanned all the steamboat advertisements. One of these caught his eye. The steamer City of Memphis would leave at 6 o'clock for New Orleans and intervening points. Noting the wharf at which she was lying, George laid down the paper and leisurely discussed his meal. When he had finished, he paid the bill, and taking his valise, walked down to the City of Memphis.

There was a confusion about the boat. A large gang of stevedores was busily engaged in transferring piles of freight from the wharf to the boat, and George had some difficulty in getting aboard without being knocked off the gang-plank by the negro workmen.

Just as he reached the boat, he turned and glanced back at the wharf. Several persons were standing idly upon the levee, watching the scene. One of these men happened to be looking at Tempest as the latter turned. With a smothered oath he started at once to board the boat. His progress was impeded by the long line of stevedores, some going and some returning, and it was some minutes before there was a break in their ranks which allowed him to reach the deck. Tempest, unconscious that he was followed, went to the clerk, secured a stateroom under the name of George Vane, and immediately retired thereto, as a precautionary measure, until the boat should have gotten upon her journey. His pursuer cautiously searched through the boat, and not finding him, arrived at the conclusion that he must have concealed himself in his stateroom. He then stationed himself on the lower deck, where he could command a view of all who came on board or who left the boat, and settled himself in the capacity of watch dog.

Thus time passed on until almost 7 o'clock. Mississippi steamboats are notoriously negligent as to their hours of departure. "It is six o'clock until it is seven," said the mud-clerk, sententiously, when importuned by an impatient passenger to say why the boat did not leave at the time advertised. But even counting his dictum as correct, the City of Memphis had not more than a minute's grace before 7 o'clock, when she swung majestically out into the stream and, slowly describing a semicircle until her bow was pointing directly down the river, she began her journey. Tempest was lying in his berth when the boat began to move. He felt a relief when he heard the steady "puff, puff," and felt the corresponding rhythmic trembling of the huge hulk, which announced that she was steadily plowing her way down the broad bosom of the Father of Waters.

After writing some little time, he got up, and passing out into the cabin, made his way to the lower deck and thence to the stern of the boat, that he might take a look at the city whose lights were fast receding in the distance. No one else was near, and Tempest stood gazing back at St. Louis and congratulating himself that he had escaped whoever it might be that had followed him from California. Just then some one touched his arm. He turned quickly.

"Jim Shanks!" he exclaimed, in irrepressible astonishment.

The villain's clutch was at his throat before the words had fairly left his lips. Tempest aimed a blow at his face, but his assailant dodged it and bore him back with overmastering force. He attempted to cry out, but was throttled. Back—back still further, though struggling with all his might, then a sudden push and he went headlong over the stern into the dark river, his head striking the edge of the deck as he went down. A dull roaring was in his ears, a thousand lights danced before his eyes, and then the muddy current covered him. Once he rose to the surface and essayed to call out, but there was water in his throat, and a faint gurgle was the only result. The boat was moving away, and he was whirled helplessly in the eddies in her wake. Again the waters closed over him, and he knew no more.

CHAPTER XI.

KATE'S IMPORTANT POSTSCRIPT.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon. Kate Vandeveer and her mother sat in the pleasant room, which Mrs. Vandeveer claimed as her own particular private domain—the young lady writing, her mother engaged upon some fancy work. The room was cool and quiet, and both ladies were silent, engaged in their respective occupations.

"Mamma," said Kate, as she finished addressing her letter and laid down the pen, "Isn't it a very singular thing about Rill?"

"Isn't what singular, my dear?" replied Mrs. Vandeveer, with a look of mild surprise.

"Well, the whole thing, especially that she never receives a letter from her relatives, never writes to them, and, in fact, very rarely alludes to them in conversation."

"Perhaps," was the quiet reply, "her life among them was not so pleasant that she cares to allude to it."

"Well, mamma, I can readily believe that; but do they care nothing for her, and does she care nothing for them?"

"I supposed, Kate, that Harry had made you acquainted with all the details of Rill's life so far as he knew them. She has no relatives to her knowledge, save her father, and he—well, to speak plainly, he is a drunken miner up in the Sierras."

"Harry told me, of course, about the brave way in which she aided George—and, bless her dear heart, I love her for it; but he never told me anything in particular of her life and family. But mamma, if she has no relatives in the world but her father, has she not still some of the feelings of a child for him? I cannot imagine any circumstances in which I would cease to love papa, and I am sure that, even if he did not write to me, I should write to him."

"My dear, Rill's father cannot write, I believe; and she, poor child, is just now having a serious struggle in mastering the intricacies of penmanship."

Kate laughed. "Yes, the poor little thing showed me her copy-book last evening, and she was so proud that she was at last enabled to write one entire page without making a blot or smear."

"Miss Burton tells me that the child is extremely attentive to her tasks, and evinces the greatest desire to learn. She is absolutely eager to master her lessons, and get on as rapidly as possible."

"I am sure of that, mamma," answered the daughter. "And, although uncultivated, Rill has the making of not only an educated, but a refined and cultivated woman in her. But is it not strange, mamma, that she does not ever speak of her old home, or desire to hear from there?"

"I fancy, Kate, that you do not quite enter into the feelings of the poor girl regarding her father. Harry told you, of course, how she aided George to escape when he was imprisoned in the old mine?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Rill was obliged to fly. She dare not return home, for fear that her father in his drunken frenzy might really murder her. What a sad home life that child must have had! This one glimpse into her feelings opens up a harrowing vista, and although she says nothing about her home, I know that she thinks a great deal about it, and that she would be glad to hear from her father, absolutely horrible as he must be. She fears, too, to let him know where she is, lest he should follow her here and compel her to return."

"Poor little thing! Mamma, I really feel conscience-smitten that I have not taken more pains to win that lonely girl's confidence, and try to make her life happier. I have been so much engrossed with other matters that I have left her alone, not from any lack of feeling, but more, perhaps, because you had especially taken her under your wing."

"My dear, Rill is still younger than you, and while I am doing my best to fill a mother's place to her, if you would treat her more like a younger sister, you would make her life much happier. She has great capabilities; they are undeveloped simply because they have never had opportunity. Rill is shy, she needs a companion of nearly her own age. You are three years older than she is, in point of actual time, and you could be of the greatest help to her, if you would but do so."

"Mamma, you make me ashamed of myself. Why did not you put my duty before me when she first came? I have been thoughtless."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Vandeveer, gathering up her work, "I shall be pleased to have your aid in making Rill all that she should be and all that she can be. I must go now. I have forgotten to give the housekeeper some orders." And she left the room.

Kate sat idly glancing down at the envelope which lay before her and meditating. The letter was a note to one of her school friends and had nothing to do with the subject of her meditations.

KATE'S LETTER.

She pushed it to one side, took a fresh sheet of paper, and rapidly indited the following to her brother:

"MY DEAR HARRY:—There is n

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Faund on the Blade's Book Table.

The number of Cook's Tourists who might be found scattered through the United States and Great Britain, if counted, would be surprising, but when it is remembered that for half a century Thomas Cook & Son have been taking those who desired to make excursions in their charge, it will readily be seen that there must be many. A book entitled "The Business of Travel," by W. Fraser Rae, has been recently issued by Thomas Cook & Son, of London.

A very pretty little volume is one published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, containing several of the most popular poems of Oliver Wendell Homes. The "One Hoss Shay" is the leading one, and this is followed by "How the Old Hoss Won the Bet," and "The Broomstick Train." They are illustrated in a characteristic manner by Howard Pyle. There is a preface by Dr. Hones telling something of the thought which inspired the poems.

From the same publishers comes "The Laws of Daily Conduct," by Nicholas P. Gilman. This is one of the articles written for the prize of $1,000, which was offered by a Philadelphia organization for the best manual to aid teachers in our public schools to thoroughly instruct children in morals without inculcating religious doctrine. The essay is not a text book or a catechism. It opens with the introduction of "Morals in the Public Schools." It then groups the matters of "Common Conduct" under such heading as "Life Under Law;" "Obedience to Moral Law;" "Justice;" "Kindness;" "Home Work;" etc. The second prize article is also included in this volume. It is entitled "Character Building."

Charles L. Webster & Co., New York city, has recently issued a book containing three stories by Tolstoi. It is the initial volume of a series which will embrace twelve stories by this author, translated direct from the Russian by Count Narraiko, a Russian exile and scholar, who was assisted in the work by his wife, an English lady of education. These stories, entitled "Ivan the Fool," "A Lost Opportunity" and "Polo kushka," show Tolstoi at his best. They are all written to show some great moral truth. Wonderful pictures of Russian life are given and also some of the strange Russian superstitions. The next volume will appear in about a month.

The books mentioned above were received from Brown, Eager & Hull.

"Rhymes of Ironquille" is published without the name of its author by the Kellam Book & Stationery Co., Topeka, Kansas. Although the author modestly calls them rhymes, there are stanzas among them that are deserving of a better name, having the ring of true poetry in them. Among them is "The Bird Song," which is full of melody, and at the same time voices a deeper meaning than appears upon the surface. Many of them touch upon life in the West, although many other things have awakened the poet's lyre. The preface to the volume, which is now in the second edition, is this:

O'er sunny Kansas
Some commercial Cadmus,
In days unknown,
The teeth of golden dragons must have sown;

For when the prairies
Feel the breath of summer,
The trowels ring,
And from the soil the burnished cities spring.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A Solid Business Man's Talk With a Tailor Who Demanded a Deposit.

He was a substantial and well-known business man of the city, says the Kansas City News, and when he walked into a tailoring establishment on Main street the other day he asked in a business-like way to be shown some plain gray goods for a business suit. The second piece shown him struck his fancy and he asked the cost, told how he wanted it made and had his measure taken. Then, handing the tailor his card, he said:

"Your place was recommended to me by Mr. ——, who always deals here."

After asking when he should call for it he started out.

"We always require a deposit of $10," suggested the tailor.

"A what?"

"A deposit of $10. You know sometimes people forget to come after clothes and they have to be sent to the misfit man."

"You mean you want me to pay $10 down?"

"Yes, sir; it's necessary in our business."

"Suppose you make a mistake in the fit?"

"Oh, we always make them fit before they go out."

"Now, see here, Mr. Tailor, suppose you get things mixed and cut out my clothes on the pattern of that slab-sided, slope shouldered, bandy-legged dude you just measured, do you suppose altering would do them any good? Not much. Now you have had a square whack at me; you have gone all over my anatomy with that string and triangle. You have punched me in the side and poked around to find out where the joints were, and if you haven't done it right I don't expect to pay for it. Hear? I'll tell you what I'll do, though; I'll give you a $500 bond to come around to my own. Have queens chokes if they fit, leaving the question of fit to a committee of three selected tailors. But you will have to pay the expenses. Or I'll do this: I'll pay you for the suit now if you will give me a bond of the same kind to make the clothes fit or return the money with interest. But you must pay all expenses. If you don't want those terms, partner, you can look me up in Bradstreet's and find out who I am and make the duds, or you can pay me for the trouble of submitting to this measuring business. See? But you don't get my contingent fee out of me on a suit of clothes."

The tailor took the risk.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

"The leaves will be dropping soon" he said, with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"Yes," she answered, "they have to be up with the fall styles, you know."—[Washington Star.

First Little Boy—"And does your sester play the banjo?" Second Little Boy (proudly)—"Indeed she does; you just ought to hear her. She's a graduate of Vassar, she is."—[Good News.

De Tracker—"The killing of that jockey in yesterday's race was a horrible affair, wasn't it?" De Better—"Horrible, horrible. Just made me sick. I had all my money on that horse."—[New York Weekly.

"You say the chicken soup isn't good. Why I told the cook how to make it! Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder—"No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."—[Brandon Bucksaw.

"My friends," sadly remarked the minister as he pocketed the 38-cent collection, "you can not take your money with you to the other shore. The reason for this is quite plain to me, for most of you will be mighty anxious to buy return tickets."—[Indianapolis Journal.

First Little Boy—"My ma got a new dress yesterday, and she threw her arms around pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress?" Second Little Boy—"She says she'll forgive him, but he musn't stay out late again."—[Cloak Review.

Phenomenal and Inexplicable.

"Well," remarked Bangle to Dukane, "I see that your lawsuit with Shingiss has turned out in your favor."

"Yes, sir, I am glad to confirm that news."

"You gain about $10,000, I understand."

"That's about it, but what surprised me most was my lawyer's fee."

"Heavy, was it?"

"No, it was light. He charged me only $150, while I expected it to be about $500. What do you think of that?"

"I think that was a nominal fee."

"Yes, indeed; phenomenal, one might say."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

What His Number Was.

Brine—What is the number of your house?

Jones—One five one nought H street.

Brine—Ah! No. 50?

Jones—Of course not.

Brine (puzzled)—Isn't one 5 and one 0 fifty.

Jones—Yes; but that isn't my number.

Brine—Well, what is it, then?

Jones—Fifteen hundred and ten, of course.

And Brine went and sat down on a hot curbstone to scratch his mathematical bump.—[Washington Star.

BISHOP HURST.

Representative Methodist at the Ecumenical Council.

It fell to the lot of Bishop John Fletcher Hurst, D. D., of Washington, to deliver the address of welcome to the delegates assembled in the Ecumenical Council now in session at that city, and he acquitted himself with characteristic address and ability. He is, besides, chairman of the business committee of the council, and may be regarded justly as the representative American in the august assemblage.

Bishop Hurst's great attainments as a scholar emphasize his gifts as an eloquent speaker and man of affairs.

He was born near Salem, Dorchester county, Md., August 17, 1834. At 20 years old he was graduated at Dickinson College. He taught the learned languages at Hedding Institute, New York, for two years, then went to Germany, where he studied theology in the universities of Halle and Heidelberg. In 1858

he entered the Newark conference as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. Eight years after he returned to Germany, taking charge of the theological department of the Mission Institute of the German Methodis church at Bremen. This was removed while he presided over its affairs to Frankfort-on-the-Main and renamed as the Martin Biblical institute. After three years of service at Bremen and Frankfort Dr. Hurst made an extensive traveling tour, including Russia, the Scandinavian countries, France, Switzerland, Italy, Great Britain, Greece, Syria and Egypt. In 1871 he returned to the United States and assumed the chair of professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological seminary, Madison, N. J., of which he was made president two years after, retaining his professorship. He was elected bishop in 1880. Bishop Hurst is the author of a considerable array of erudite books.

VANDERBILT AND SCOTT.

How the Latter Made $200,000 From the Former.

In business matters Mr. Scott was quick in his conclusions, sound in judgment and inexhaustible in resources. The public remembers yet the sale by Wm. H. Vanderbilt of $3,000,000 worth of stock in the New York Central at 120. That sale was made by William L. Scott.

Vanderbilt, harrassed and worried in the management of the property, vexed by public criticism and uncertain about his health, expressed, in the presence of Scott, a wish to be rid of the property.

"You are not in earnest," said Scott.

"I was never more in earnest in my life." was the reply.

"Why not sell it, then?" the Pennsylvanian asked.

"Sell it?" exclaimed Vanderbilt, "where can I find a purchaser for $20,000,000 of the stock?"

"I can find such a purchaser," said Scott, "at a fair commission."

"Do it," was the response. "and I will pay you half a million dollars."

In a few days Scott had organized a syndicate among the bankers of New York to purchase the Vanderbilt stock at 120, and without any difficulty the transaction was concluded.

Then came Mr. Scott's demand for his commission of $500,000. Vanderbilt demurred; half a million dollars was a big sum of money for such work. Mr. Scott insisted that it was a bargain made openly and seriously and carried to a conclusion. Still Vanderbilt objected that it was too big a commission.

"What was it worth?" asked Mr Scott.

"Oh," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "two hundred thousand."

"Very well, then, let me have the $200,000," said the gentleman from Pennsylvania, and the matter was settled. Had Mr. Scott insisted there is little doubt the half million would have been forthcoming. As it was, the commission was as easily earned as any money Mr. Scott ever made.

THE FIRST KISS.

Sweetheart, 'twas but a while ago—it scarce seems yesterday,
Though now my hair is white as snow and yours is turning gray—
That, waking in the twilight haze, when bright stars blushed above,
You told me that you loved me, and I kissed you for that love.

The first kiss, dear; and then your hand—dear hand, so soft and sweet;
Far whiter than the white, sweet sand that twinkled 'neath your feet—
Laid tenderly within my own. Have queens such lovely hands?
No wonder that the whippoorwills made sweet the autumn lands!

It seemed to me that my poor heart would beat to death or break,
While all the world—sweetheart! sweetheart! seemed singing for your sake;
And every rose that barred the way in glad and dying grace
Forgot its faded summer day, and leaning, kissed your face!

I envied all the roses then, and all the rosy ways
That blossomed 'neath our feet are still my life's bright yesterdays;
But thinking of that first sweet kiss, and that first clasp of hands,
Life's whippoorwills sing sweeter now through all the autumn lands!
—[Atlanta Constitution.

Working Nights Affected Him.

He got home late, but his little daughter was still up, and was as inquisitive as usual.

He lifted her up and kissed her, and as he put her down she said:

"Papa, do you have to work nights?"

"Sometimes, my dear," he replied.

"Why, papa?" she asked.

"To get money to buy my little girl clothes," he returned.

"And tops?" she went on.

"Yes; and toys."

She thought the matter over for a moment. Then she said:

"I don't believe it's good for you to work nights, papa."

"Why not?" he asked.

"It always makes your breath smell so bad."

Where the Sale Came In.

"They practically sold me, when they entered into negotiations with an English lord old enough to be my father."

"But you didn't marry him, and are not going to?"

"That's where they sold me."—[Life.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is Peculiar To Itself In Strength, Economy, And Curative Power 100 Doses One Dollar Be Sure To Get Hood's

No other medicine ever placed before the public has won the people's confidence so thoroughly as Hood's Sarsaparilla. From a small beginning this medicine has steadily and rapidly increased in popularity until now it has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Its success it has won simply because it is constantly proving that it possesses positive merit, and does accomplish what is claimed for it. This merit is given Hood's Sarsaparilla by the fact that it is prepared by a Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process known only to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by which the full medicinal power of all the ingredients used is retained. Thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country testify to wonderful benefit derived from it. If you suffer from any disease or affection caused by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

TWO FAITHFUL LIKENESSES.

Rare Old Relic Unearthed in an Old Washington Building.

The present craze for the collection of curios of all sorts obtains everywhere. Old books, old letters, old autographs, old photographs, old prints and paintings, to any of which historical value may attach, are continually being rummaged for and greedily bought up—some at almost fabulous prices—by the collectors, who handle them as tenderly, prize them as highly and exhibit them as proudly to interested friends as though they were intrinsically invaluable.

In Washington city there is continually being unearthed these relics of a past age, and curio collectors are always looking to Washington for the new-old treasures. Delving among some rubbish in an old building here not long ago

LINCOLN.

brought to light a most interesting relic of war times. It consisted of a couple of proofs of the photographs of Abraham Lincoln and Grant. The proofs were turned over by their discoverer to the official photographer of the Treasury department. They had never been touched, but he developed their faded tone and re-photographed them. The result produced is two of the most accurate and valuable protraits of the two greatest figures of the civil war.

The original sittings for these pictures took place in Washington in 1864, at which time General Grant had arrived in the city to receive from the hands of President Lincoln his commission as lieutenant general of the United States army. Some one suggested that the two have their photographs taken for the benefit of posterity. As this suggestion seemed a happy one, and as they were without preparation (such as usually spoils a good likeness), the two walked arm in arm from the White House down Pennsylvania avenue, and together entered the first photographic studio they came to. The first plate taken by the somewhat flustered artist did not quite come up to his ideal, and, after taking a couple of proofs from it, he flung it and the plate to one side. These were the ones recently discovered, developed and reproduced.

The likenesses of both men are startling in their life-like accuracy. The

GRANT.

careworn, deeply-furrowed, earnest face of President Lincoln is as near a speaking portrait as one could hope to see. He was holding a newspaper in his hand at the time of the sitting, and just an edge of it is shown in the print. Grant's uniform is decidedly negligé, as was always characteristic of his personal appearance, showing the great hero in just such an aspect as would to-day have delighted the ubiquitous snap shot fiend. Since the discovery of this valuable old relic and the news of its reproduction, requests for copies of the photographs have been pouring into Assistant Secretary Nettleton's office. He had a large number of copies struck off, but there are only a few of them left, and they are going fast.

Number of Stitches in a Shirt.

There are just 21,000. There are four rows of stitching in the collar, 2,200 stitches; cross ends of the collar, 550; button and buttonhole, 150; gathering the neck and sewing on the collar, 1,205; stitching wristbands, 1,328; ends of the same, 68; buttonholes in wristbands, 148; hemming slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,468; stitching on shoulder straps, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,053; sewing up seams of sleeves, 2,554; cording the bosom, 1,104; "tapping" the sleeves, 1,320; sewing up all other seams and setting the side gussets, 1,372. That represents the amount of labor that must be put into a shirt, and explains why the home-made article has gone out of fashion.

It's Woman's Glory, Though.

The London *Lancet* denounces as false the doctrine that abundant hair is a sign of bodily or mental strength in man. It says that despite the Samson precedent the Chinese are mostly bald, yet they form the most enduring of races. The average mad house furnishes proof that long and thick hair is not a sign of intellectuality. The easily wheedled Esau was hairy, while the mighty Cæsar was bald. "Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and statesmen and soldiers of the world."

Lighting a Cigar.

"One of the troubles of my life when I am out of doors is to light a cigar. Especially when I am riding on a cable grip or an open car." Then he explained: "I have a simple plan by which I obviate that now. I just discovered it the other day. I nearly always have an envelope in my pocket; one end is open if the envelope is an old one that has come through the mail. I put my cigar in my mouth, stick the other end of it in the open end of the envelope, strike my match, insert it in the envelope, get my cigar started, replace the envelope, and there you are. I never miss it."

Another Fraud Exposed.

Editor—Got a man in your town over 100 years old, eh?

Caller—Yes, sir.

Editor—Saws a cord of wood before breakfast, walks twenty miles a day and reads the finest print with ease, I suppose?

Caller—No, sir; he's very infirm and half blind.

Editor—Humph! I guess he can't be over 80.—[Street & Smith's Good News.

Forced To It.

Melton—I see that Manager has broken off his engagement.

Dobbs—What was the difficulty?

Melton—He found out that he couldn't get married without getting a new dress suit.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Its Voice Unheard.

Money may talk, as sages say,
In language extra choice;
I have to take their word for it—
I seldom hear its voice.
—[New York Herald.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

A DIALOGUE FAMILIAR TO MOTHERS.

What the Little Darlings Say Just Before the Eyelids Droop.

"That's only blood off'n my second littlest toe."

"And that?"

"Jus' where I slud off'n the barn."

"And this?"

"Dirt."

He is 4 years old. His mother was getting him ready for bed. He had blue, and black, and brown bruises all over him. She bathed him and put on his nightgown. He said his prayers. Then he clambered into the chair opposite her. His expression was one of angelic pensiveness.

"Mamma."

"Yes."

"Will you give me a pencil and paper?"

"What do you want them for?"

This was the leading question. He evaded it. "How," he asked, "do you spell Omaha?"

She told him.

"How do you spell policeman?"

She told him that, too.

"How do you spell Ora Green and Elihu Green?"

He was answered.

"Can you spell Tommy Benjamin?"

She could, and did.

She was silent. He propped his pink chin in his pink palm and thought the matter over. Finally he drew a long breath and straightened up.

"I fought if I had a piece of paper an' a pencil and I knowed how to spell every word I would write to Omaha for a policeman to come and 'rest Ora Green, an' Elihu Green, an' Tommy Benjamin for frowin' stones at me an' sayin':

Gee whizz! Stiggery bat,
Criss-cross, caraway rat!"

The patient mother insisted on an adjournment. When he was in bed and his small sister in her cot on the other side of the room he said:

"Mamma, are we all made of dirt?"

"Adam was," she hedged.

"Oh," cried the wee girl excitedly, "Jay says God made 'ittle dirls out of dirt, an' den he 'pit on dem! Did he," in righteous wrath, "'pit on dem, mamma?"

Evidently the latter possible fact was more galling than that of construction from clay. No one knows exactly how God makes angels.

"Can he see in here?" queried Jim.

"Yes."

"If 'twus an iron house, could he?"

"Yes."

"If 'twus an iron house, wifout any windows, could he?"

"Yes. Now go to sleep."

Piped the little maid: "Does God make cows?"

"Yes. Now hush!"

"How does he make cows, mamma?"

This the mother was deliberating when Jim spoke.

"Cows!" scornfully. "Cows! God don't make cows. God makes calves, and they grow into cows! Don't they mamma?"

"Yes. Do shut your eyes, both of you, and go to sleep!"

Fifteen minutes passed. Surely she was safe. Surely she might steal down stairs. She rose noiselessly and sneaked to the door.

"Mamma!" murmured a drowsy voice.

"Well?"

"How—does—he make—the calves?"—[Chicago Tribune.

It Works Perfectly.

Judge.

Mr. Simmison's scheme for getting his son up in the morning. "Slide, Jimmy, slide!"

Fair Play for China.

The horrible atrocities at Rock Springs and Seattle are somewhat too recent to permit us to indulge in dissertations upon the incompetency of the Chinese government in dealing with rioters. In a recent dispatch to our State department the Chinese Minister observed "in China, so far as is known, not a single American has lost his life by mob violence, while in every case where injury has been done to the property and rights of American citizens by conspiracy and mobs punishment has been promptly inflicted on the guilty and full pecuniary indemnity has been made by the authorities." We believe this to be an accurate statement of fact, and until we can present its like we should be exceedingly chary of rebuke and denunciation in our comments upon disorders in China.—[New York Tribune.

Bad Man, When Asleep.

Rev. John Benson, an Afro-American divine of the Methodist persuasion, who lives in Frankfort, Ind., is subject to a rather peculiar infirmity that has caused trouble in his flock. When awake he is said to be a model Christian of faultless deportment, but when asleep he swears like a trooper. Recently, while traveling on a train, he fell into a doze, and swore so loudly and so horribly that the whole car heard him, and he came near suffering ejection. The matter was brought to the notice of the conference, and after hearing all the facts it was decided that the erring brother was to be pitied rather than blamed, and a vote of confidence in him and his usefulness was adopted nem. con.

She Didn't Know.

Little Girl (looking over advertising page)—"Mamma, why do all these boarding houses object to children?"

Fond Mamma—"I'm sure I don't know. Go see what the baby is yelling about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Katie stop fighting, and tell Dick it he doesn't stop banging that Chinese gong so hard I'll take it away from him."—[Good News.

A Romance.

He asked the maid to be his wife,
Her head lay on his breast;
She lisped a "yes," her lips puckered up,
And he—he did the rest.
—[Brooklyn Eagle.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Crack in Horse's Foot

S. M. N., West Virginia: Poultice the foot for a day. Then wash carefully with warm soapsuds water, cleaning the fissure out well, and after making notches on one side of the crack, drive a horseshoe nail in the wall, passing across the crack, and through the wall on the other side. Bring the edges closely together and clinch the nail. This will hold while nature performs the process of uniting the parts. Some cases will recover by filling the crack, after cleaning out as stated above, with beeswax, 4 ozs.; yellow rosin, 2 ozs.; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; tallow, ¾ oz. Melt together. When this is used the horse should do no work until a new hoof is grown.

Mule Lame.

Dr. T. J. B., Alabama: As the editor understands your letter, the pain changes from one shoulder of your mule to the other. This would indicate rheumatism. It is difficult at times to locate the seat of pain in an animal. To all appearances the pain may be in the shoulder, while in fact it is in the foot or feet. Lameness in the foot is shown when the animal is trotted on hard, even ground. It drops its head and nods on the sound side. The foot may be sensibly warmer than its fellow, if there be an inflammatory process going on. In such cases the sole should be pared evenly, and careful examination made for corns, which, if present, will be found on the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall at the heel. An animal lame in the shoulder is unable to advance the leg, but rather drags it forward. In putting the leg forward he does so with a swing. In rheumatism there is more or less lameness at first, diminishing on motion. As a remedy, give nitrate of potash, 1 oz.; powdered colchicum, 1 drachm; oil of turpentine, ¾ oz. The above as a dose, night and morning, every fourth day, until eight doses are taken. Bathe the feet in warm mustard water. Give no corn for a month, and keep the animal warm. Bran mashes should be given frequently if the bowels show constipation. Hand rub the shoulders with this: Linseed oil, 8 ozs.; oil of turpentine, 4 ozs.; oil origanum, 3 ozs.

Onion Growing.

M. V. C., Iowa: The standard varieties of onions are the Yellow Danvers and large red Wethersfield. They keep well during the winter. For pickling the round white silverskin is the best. The bed is sown at the rate of about 60 pounds to the acre. The seed is worth $2.50 per pound, or 25 cents an ounce. Sow in May, in drills. The ground between rows should be hoed about three times during the season. The soil should be well pulverized and a large quantity of well rotted manure should be used. The editor does not know anything about the onions you speak of. There is a silver-skinned variety of onion known as the Queen, a good keeper but it is not large—not more than a half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The white Globe onion is a good one and of good size. The seeds or sets of any of the onions named may be had of any seedsman. Onions may be grown profitably on the same soil for many years. All manure should be as free as possible from seed. Ashes are excellent to put on the ground, and will last from five to eight years.

Mare Run Down in Flesh.

J. R. H., Tennessee: Change the food of the mare from green corn and corn fodder at once to hay, oats, and other variety of food. Give her every other day until four doses are taken, Fowler's solution of arsenic, ½ oz.; iodide of potash, ¼ oz.; water, 1 pint. This much at a time. The mare should not be worked until she has regained strength.

Kerosene for Horses.

N. R., Illinois: Kerosene is valuable in coughs and colds in horses. The dose is from 1 to 4 ozs. It is popular with some people for colds. They take from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Killing Grasshoppers.

EDITOR BLADE FARMESTKAD:—I saw in the *Ohio Farmer* a statement that the grasshoppers in Kansas are destroying the new seeding on the wheat ground, and are eating up the fall wheat. I stopped and destroyed them a few years ago by rolling the ground with a heavy roller before sunrise in the morning. Take a cool morning, the cooler the better. This rolling I think is a sure cure. Roll the ground around the wheat.—H. C. W., Warren county, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

English Trade in Horses.

The London *Live Stock Journal* says: During the eight months ended August 31 there were exported from this country 7,077 horses, against 7,921 in the same period of 1890, and 8,636 in 1889. The value was £239,125, against £431,054 in 1890 and £398,641 in 1889. Of the number exported, 706 were stallions, against 1,291 in 1890 and 1,912 in 1889; 2,318 mares, against 2,702 in 1890 and 3,539 in 1889; and 4,053 geldings, against 3,928 in 1890 and 3,155 in 1889. The horses went to the following countries: Holland, 2,063; Belgium, 1,939; France, 1,230; United States, 874; British North America, 1,083, and other countries, 758. Last year 645 went to the United States, and in 1889, 817, while 1,088 were landed last year in British North America, and 1,558 in 1889. In 1889, 493 stallions were sent to the United States, and last year 350, while in 1889, 808 were landed in British North America, and last year 668. During the eight months 14,812 horses were imported, against 15,165 in 1890 and 10,340 in 1889. The value of the imported horses was £289,424, against £247,909 last year. Of the horses imported, 11,567 were geldings.

Cheap Horses.

The French government in order to encourage horse breeding buys the best stallions and charges a fee of perhaps $3 for their service. While no national interference with the enterprise of those who are engaged in breeding and standing good horses is desirable in this country, there is one regulation that might be adopted by the state authorities, and that is to prevent unsound and worthless stallions from doing business. In this country a service fee no higher than twice that exacted by the French government is generally a mark of an inferior horse. Such horses get poor colts, and you will sell them cheap.—[National Stockman.

Crystallizing Fruit.

Though no authority on crystallizing fruit—that is, professionally—there is a simple process for home crystallizing which I know of. The fruit is dried first. For this the finest fruit is selected. It must be very ripe, then thoroughly dried, and after this "sweated." Then it is dipped in the very heaviest syrup one can make—say that used for candied fruit—which is a gill of water to a pound of sugar. I can give no exact rule for time of dipping—two or three minutes in the hot syrup. Then the fruit is dried again. This process makes a delicious article, and for this reason: The dried fruit, without sugar, retains all the fruity flavor, and the dipping process after the drying does not penetrate the fruit so as to destroy that fine, natural flavor, but merely adds to it the taste of the sugar crystals which are formed on the surface. It is unnecessary to say that the best granulated sugar should be used. I might add that some confound crystalized fruit with sweetmeats or candied fruit. As I understand the matter the difference between them is this: For the former the fruit is dipped in the sirup after being dried, not cooked in it; while for the latter the fruit is cooked slowly and carefully in the heavy sirup, and then dried.—[Good Housekeeping.

Doctoring a Horse.

A correspondent of *Home and Farm* has this to say regarding foundered horses: "I want to tell you of a remedy that I tried one time, and I am convinced that it performed a cure in a short time. My horse was foundered, I know, for I was using him myself. He had both eaten to much corn and drank too much water. He had become so stiff that it was hard to move him out of his tracks. The remedy is this:

As soon as you ascertain that your horse is foundered, get an eighteen or twenty gallon kettle and sit on a good fire, out doors where you will have room to work. Put one-half bushel shelled oats in the kettle; fill it nearly full of water; boil until you have a strong ooze. While the boiling is going on, make a wisp of oats straws and wrap each leg from foot to body. When the ooze is boiled enough it is best to have a man to each leg, and with cups pour on the hot ooze. Don't be afraid of scalding, but keep the straw well saturated and keep the legs well wrapped with the straw until all the ooze is used. Now unwrap the legs, and each man have a good woolen rubbing cloth. Let the rubbing be long and hard, such as a man can do who is not afraid of work. After the rubbing is through take off the shoes and, with trimming knife, trim the frog and trim the rough from the bottom of the foot, then turn up the foot and pour on the frog and over the bottom a little turpentine. Now, if the weather is pleasant, turn him on a grass plot. I doctored my horse in the forenoon with the assistance of one man. I turned him on a grass plot when through and that evening, before night, he got into a man's yard, when dogs were set after him and he ran and jumped the fence and ran back to his stable with his tail over his back as though there was nothing the matter.

I am no veterinary surgeon, nor the son of one, but I have all the confidence in this remedy. If a horse badly foundered can be thoroughly cured in so short a time, I think surely it is worth trying."

Chestnut Culture.

The Pennsylvania Experiment station has issued a bulletin on chestnut culture that presents some very interesting facts. Analyses of the different sorts of cultivated and wild chestnuts have been made, and we are thus able to compare the food value of this nut with that of grains and other products. The "meat" of the chestnut gives a better analysis than either corn or wheat; that is to say, there is more life-sustaining food in a pound of chestnuts than in a pound of either of these grains. It is rich in fats and in protein. The possibilities of an acre of land planted to chestnut trees have never been accurately given; we cannot tell what might be considered an average crop when the trees are carefully cultivated and tended. We believe, however, that more digestible food fit for either man or beast can be produced, with less expense, from an American acre of chestnut trees than from an acre devoted to any other plant, and it can be done on soils that are too poor to support a respectable crop of hay or grain. The stout roots of the chestnut tree will force the soil to yield fertility where weaker grass or grain roots would be powerless. We are merely talking about the possibilities of this crop; not what people are going to do so much as what they might do. Gray-haired men who plant a chestnut orchard will never live to see it a paying investment. We do not believe that human beings are going to increase their consumption of chestnuts to any great extent within the next 50 years. It is as a food for stock that its great profit will be found. There are stock feeding possibilities in the peanut and the chestnut that will some day revolutionize American meat making, and give the dry, thin hillsides of New England and the South a fairer chance with Western corn fields.—[Rural New Yorker.

Fertilization of Queens.

Fertilization of queens at will is according to a correspondent of *American Bee Journal*, almost simple in warm weather. Put the queen cells in nucleus colonies to hatch; these colonies not to have more than enough bees to cover and keep warm four frames, or the equivalent of one Langstroth frame, 9½x9½ inches. At the apex of the gable, have a 2-inch hole, covered with wire-cloth, for the purpose of ventilation. When the queen is 4 days old, close the entrance until 4 p. m., when everything is all right, but at noon on the 6th day be sure to have the selected drones in the same hive, so if neither the queen nor the drones have had a chance to fly, they will pour out at once when the entrance is opened. Have the hive shaded until 4 o'clock, and then let the sun shine on the entrance. If the weather is unfavorable, try again on the 7th day. You will be able to tell in the evening. Queens reared in nuclei are worth more than those reared in larger colonies. Foundation should be dipped so as to have the upper portion stronger, and it must be made on a press, and not with a mill. The writer has taken out 200 frames in two years, and worked them over, because the cells were oval, and in such shape that no brood was reared in them.

Drying Fruit.

An important future improvement in fruit raising, and in the disposition of the crops, must be in discriminating between the best evaporated specimens and the more common, poorer and worthless sorts. Many manufacturers admit that they use fruit of second qualities in their evaporators, as there is no difference in the appearance where sulphur is freely used for bleaching. In the common purchase of fresh ripe fruit, external examination is the guide, but it ceases to answer the purpose in selecting evaporated supplies. Purchasers must know the source with which they are dealing, or they are liable to obtain a poor article.

According to a recently published paper by the American Health association, it is not easy to obtain a superior quality in appearance of an unbleached fruit; but on the other hand, the slightly yellowish-brown color of unbleached fruit is an evidence of ripeness, good quality and proper drying. Rapid drying gives lighter color, and such fruit looks best when exposed from the air. Sulphuring produces the deception of making all, good and bad, appear alike. But with unbleached this deception can not be practiced. What we want is a genuine, good article, made from fruit of the finest flavor, and obtained from a source that we can rely on. Purchasers should become enlightened in this matter, and a higher standard of excellence should prevail than by the promiscuous use of good and poor fruit, in which the poor has the majority.—[Country Gentleman.

RIVALS OF SHANG AND ENG.

Twins with One Body, Two Legs, Four Arms and Two Heads.

The twins of Lacona, rivals of the famous Siamese pair, are now in a New York dime museum. They are known as the Tocci brothers, and were born in Lacona, Italy, on July 4, 1875. They have one body, one pair of legs, four arms and two heads.

THE TWINS OF LACONA.

One head is of fair complexion, resembling the mother, and speaks Italian and French. The other head is of dark complexion, like the father, and speaks German and English. The twins are in charge of Mr. Frank Uffner, who exhibited the late Lucia Zarete, the Mexican midget.

The Tocci Brothers usually eat with both mouths, although one can provide nourishment enough for the entire organism.

Chapter 1: Weak, tired, no appetite.
Chapter 2: Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

A Lover's Eyes.

Fond Lover—What do you mean, sir, by snapping your camera every time that lady passes?

Cheeky Amateur—I'm not taking her pictures.

"Oh, you're not, eh! Then what are you doing?"

"I'm closing the shutters so her looks won't break the lens."—[New York Weekly.

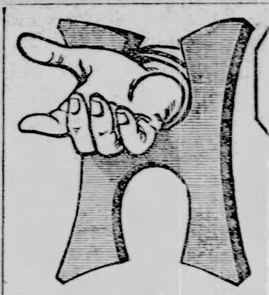
Two Queer Epitaphs.

In the graveyard at Childwald, England, are the following queer epitaphs:

"Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call 'Oysters!'"

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these 'ere vaults."
—[Connecticut Guardsman.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.



HOLD OUT YOUR HAND

That's the natural thing to do when you need help. When your hand is extended toward us, we place in it, *Free*, our 200 page book. Every one is apt to be interested in the description of the means by which a friend has had his health restored. This book is just that—500 times multiplied; all told in the very words of real and reliable folks; people with "a local habitation and a name."

One other thing; this book is not of interest to those only who feel that their case is serious; it contains the witness of many over-taxed and run-down people to the fact that Drs. Starkey & Palen's COMPOUND OXYGEN has been to them the one thing needful to put them on the right side of the line of health and happiness.

Will you hold out your hand? Help is yours for the asking.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 58 Church St., Toronto, Canada.

The Sunday School.

Christ Comforting His Disciples.

LESSON IV., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1891.

Golden Text—I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.—John, 14:16.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 14:1-3, 15-27.)

1. Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

* * * * * * *

15. If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

17. Even the spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.

19. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also.

20. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

21. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

22. Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou will manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?

23. Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

24. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings; and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

25. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you.

26. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

27. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Ye believe in God, believe also in me (v. 1). It is easier to believe that there is a God than it is to believe that God makes himself personally known to those who love him. It is easier to believe in "God," than it is to believe in "God with us." Everybody believes in God—in one way or another; that is, everybody except fools. But not everybody believes that God manifests tests himself to the children of men in loving sympathy and in personal helpfulness. This belief it is that Jesus commends to his disciples. This belief it is that gives rest to the Christian here and now. To believe in God is all very well in its way—as far as it goes; but to believe in Jesus Christ as God with us—our Savior, our Helper, our Loving Friend—is a great deal more than a mere belief in God; and nothing short of this ought

The Camp Fire.

☞Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

He Interviewed Gen. Pemberton.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Continuing my account published in a former issue of THE BLADE: The heavy guns of Fort Greenwood, and the large force under Pemberton, completely blocked that route to Vicksburgh, consequently Gen. Grant had to work his fleet of transports back to the Mississippi river the best way he could. While the boats were being reloaded, I started out to see what I could find good to eat, having become tired of strong bacon and hardtack. I wandered a little farther from camp than I calculated, and was about to turn back, when I was saluted with, "Hello, Yank; surrender!" I looked around, and there stood four rebel soldiers, armed to the teeth. They conducted me to Gen. Pemerton's headquarters, which was located in an old log house. Gen. Pemberton and Gen. Loring were engaged in conversation when I was ushered before them. The former was a tall, raw-boned muscular-looking man, with dark complexion, dark hair, black eyes, and wore a black beard. Gen. Loring was almost Pemberton's opposite in looks and manners, and had only one arm. Pemberton looked at me a moment, and then said:

"Well, sir, what do you Yanks want down here?"

"Vicksburgh," I answered.

"Do you expect to get it?"

"Yes, sir, we do," I replied.

"How many men has Grant?"

"I don't know."

"What is he going to do now?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what *do* you know? Look here, young man, (after a pause), I will let you off this time; but if you are ever brought before me again, I will have you hung. You were stealing chickens when my men captured you. Take him to the guard-house, sergeant!"

I was conducted to the guard-house, where I found several comrades from different regiments. We were sent from this place to Vicksburgh, then to Jackson, Miss.

The prison pen at Jackson was a covered wagon bridge over Pearl river. We were confined there for some time, then we were removed to a new stockade, a short distance from the town. Our diet consisted of cornmeal, ground cob and all, and black strap syrup—and not half enough of that; but we did not tarry long there. The booming of Grant's heavy guns at Grand Gulf told the rebs that he was on their track again. We were put aboard the cars and sent to Selma, Ala.; from there to Montgomery, Ala., by steamboat. An incident took place there that our squad of prisoners will never forget. We no sooner landed than we were surrounded by a crowd of citizens and Georgia militia, two or three hundred in number, and the most of them drunk. There were about forty or fifty of us prisoners, guarded by one company of the 14th Miss., all under command of a young lieutenant. Some one in the crowd yelled out, "Let's hang the Yankee ——." A number took up the cry, "Hang the devils!" They closed around us on all sides. We could not move in any direction, and things began to look pretty blue for us, with a drunken, howling mob ready for our blood; but the young lieutenant proved himself equal to the occasion. He ordered his men to see that their guns were all loaded and bayonets fixed, and to kill the first man who dared come within reach. He then drew his sword and informed the mob that he was responsible for us, and that he would protect us to his last man.

"You drunken cowards, if you want to hang Yankees, go to the front and catch them!" shouted the lieutenant. "Now give way and let me through to the depot, or I shall force my way at the point of the bayonet."

Then the commander commenced swinging his saber from right to left, and with the order, "Forward!" (the mob took good care to keep out of reach of his saber and the guards' bayonets), we reached the depot all safe, and were soon aboard a train bound for Atlanta, at which place we stayed two or three days. We there learned that our destination was Libby prison, Richmond. As we were getting pretty thin, having had nothing to eat since leaving Jackson, the rebs concluded to gorge us; so they issued five little mouldy hard tack to each man, and informed us that it was six days' rations — and we got no more until we were brought up at Hotel de Libby, five days later. On leaving Atlanta we were jammed into stock cars as long as there was standing room. I do not believe the cars had ever been cleaned. The filth was actually shoe top deep on the floors. We could not lie down, even if we had had room. In this condition we traveled five days and nights, and arrived at our destination in rather a sorry plight. We were met at the prison doors by that Chief of Devils, Turner, who had charge of Libby prison at that time.—DANIEL SPENCER, Co. C, 17th Iowa, V. V. Infty.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Heroic Corporal.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In continuing comrade Joe Ewing's reminiscences, it may be of interest to Camp Fire readers to relate incidents regarding the wounding and subsequent death of Corp. Styles Malone. When comrade Malone felt the "English tin-shop," as Joe so aptly puts it, crash into his back, he uttered not a cry, but rising to his feet he said to those near him, "Boys, I am wounded." There was not a quiver in his voice to denote the torture he must have been enduring with a shattered back. Steadying himself, he walked back to where Joe lay, yelling with agony from his shattered foot. When Joe looked up and saw Corp. Malone standing by him, the blood streaming down his back, for a moment he forgot his own mangled foot.

"Can I help you any, Joe?" was the corporal's query. Joe thought that he was suffering almost inconceivable torture, but when he saw standing beside him a comrade with his back shattered, and apparently mortally wounded, asking him in a voice of sympathy, "Can I help you?" Joe at once appreciated the corporal's heroic nature, and immediately essayed to get upon his feet to assist Malone, whose face was colorless. The effort to suppress all outward appearance of the terrible agony he endured was so apparent that Joe turned his head to hide the tears.

"No, you can do nothing for me, corporal. Try to get to that house over there. I think the doctor is there," was Joe's reply.

Without a word Malone walked feebly toward the house. When he had gone, a voice on the other side of a fence called out:

"Py tam! Dot ish one of our poys. Say, you peen Feeth Iowa? You gets on mine pack, mit I goes mit you to der doctor," and a little Dutchman of Co. F hopped over the fence. He was about four feet six. Joe's 170 pounds would seem too heavy for the little man; but he was willing to try it. When he stood by Joe and said, "Fare, now; you shust gets oop, und I takes you mit dose doctor right a vay." Joe burst out laughing, despite the pain of his wounded foot; "put the recit two of the boys cume for Joe with a stretcher. The little man of Co. F said:

"I ish clad you comes, poys. I was shust going to dake dot poy on mine pack; but der stretcher ish better. I might hurted dose sores."

When the boys got to the house with Joe, he saw Corporal Malone calmly seated by a grindstone sharpening his knife to cut the bullet out of his shoulder, which he could feel just under the skin. But in a few minutes the doctor came and very soon located the ball. Malone never winced when the doctor cut it out. When he handed the chunk of lead to Malone he tossed it into a well with the remark, "It won't smash another Yank's back!"

Malone's wound was a fearful one, the ball entering the right shoulder-blade, passing diagonally across his back under the backbone, and through the left shoulder. If Malone could have had proper care, however, I think he would have pulled through. When one of the cavalry boys had the misfortune to be as badly wounded as Malone was, it was no easy matter to obtain proper treatment. Being usually a long distance from our own lines, many of our wounded had to be left to the tender care of rebel surgeons, for the majority of the cavalry battles were inside the rebel lines—often in the rear of their great armies—and we seldom had ambulances to convey our wounded with us. Even when we had an ambulance, for a badly-wounded man to be hurried along at the pace we were in the habit of going for a hundred miles or more, was quite likely to kill him. And I don't believe a worse fate ever befell a wounded Union soldier than to fall under the knife of the average rebel surgeon. They had no mercy on our boys, and but little on their own. Very few of our poor fellows who were left in the hands of the rebels ever got back to us. I have went through hospitals where hundreds of sick and wounded Johnnies were being cared for, and there always seemed to me to be a discontent visible that was never present in the hospitals of the North.

When I think of this it reminds me of a scene in Atlanta. I was passing through a ward of the hospital that was partly occupied by the rebel wounded, but all under control of our hospital authorities. Clean white shirts had been issued to all alike. The poor fellows, many of them, were entirely overcome by these being no distinction made. I saw tears in the eyes of many, and all were blessing Uncle Sam. One lank youth eyed his white shirt lovingly, then blurted out:

"Boys, Uncle Sam can just count Jack Hoover in his next call. From now on, call me a Yank."—DAN KNIGHT, 5th Iowa Cav.

A Brutal Sergeant.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I would like to ascertain through the Camp Fire if any of the comrades are living who were confined in Castle Pemberton, an old tobacco warehouse that stood across the street from Libby prison. They will doubtless recollect the circumstance of the rebel sergeant in command there, coming in one morning to count us. A German comrade lay on the floor sick, and the sergeant ordered him to take his place in the ranks to be counted. The man staggered to his feet, saying something in German. The rebel sergeant carried a large cane, and viciously struck the comrade a heavy blow across the nose, breaking it, and felling the German like a beef. The blood flowed freely, and we thought the poor man would bleed to death. There must have been two or three hundred comrades that witnessed the occurrence. I could hear the gritting of teeth through the ranks. But we dare not say a word, for we were all in the rebels' power, and knew they would starve us all if we made a fuss. We were nearly starved then. I played off and went to the hospital to see if I would get better fare. An old sailor was brought in from Belle Isle sick, and was put in the same bed with me, which, by the way, was very narrow. We both lay on the same pillow. The morning of the third day I awoke to find that the old man was dead. During my stay in the hospital Kilpatrick made his raid around to Richmond, and raised some excitement. He was repulsed and some of his men taken prisoners and brought into the hospital badly wounded. I would like to hear from any of the comrades who were paroled, and left Richmond on the flag of truce boat, March 21, 1864.—JANES CONNER, Co. G, 27th Mich. Inft.

After the Bushwhackers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I would like to hear through the Camp Fire from any of the boys that were detailed at Cleveland, Tenn., to go up the river ten or twelve miles to capture some bushwhackers that were perpetrating some of their hellish deeds. The detail read: "One man from each company, that was neither afraid of God, man or the devil!" We left camp about 3 o'clock. When within two miles of the place, we camped until 11 o'clock at night, when we crossed the river on a flatboat, and proceeded to get in our work. The sergeant in charge left me at the river to guard our boat, and I was to hold it at all hazards, for without the boat we could not cross the river, and hence we would find ourselves in a trap. We captured and brought in the men we were after. The next day two of us were detailed to go back up the river and bring in the boat. I would like to hear from some of those boys.—A. W. B., Co. E, 97th O. V. I.

Lives Among Them.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was born, and have lived all my life in the South, and will say that excepting a few scattering ones, here and there, the average rebel is just as bitter against the government of the United States to-day as he was the day he shouldered his gun and marched out to fight for the destruction of the government; and were the prospects favorable, he would freely fight it over again.

When the war broke out, with many others that were loyal, I made my way to the Union lines, where I enlisted and served till the close of the war. After the war was over, I returned home and settled down to civil life again, right among ex-confederates. For more than 26 years since the close of the war, I have lived among the ex-confederates in Tennessee and Texas, and feel that I know whereof I speak.—JOE GRIFFITH, Co. F, 4th Tenn. Cav.

The War Is Over.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE.—Seems to me it does not sound right, after whipping the rebs, to keep sawing at them all the time about the things they did during the war. It would seem that the war did not last long enough to suit some of our soldiers. My advice to such is to go down South and endeavor to get satisfaction now. They will find the rebs just as hard as they try to paint them; but if they go down there and mind their own business, and act as if the rebellion was a thing of the past, they will find the Johnnies all right. I know whereof I speak, for I lived in Central Alabama some time. Two wrongs will not make one right.—TANBREN BOGES.

Got the Documents.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Henry Kirby was neither a member of Co. H, 93d Ills., nor of any other company of that regiment. I have before me the adjutant general's report of Illinois soldiers, and the name of Henry Kirby does not appear on the rolls of the 93d. He is undoubtedly an imposter. Every state has a complete roster of her soldiers, and a man should be very careful in making any claims of being in the army, unless he can substantiate them. H. L. MILLER, Co. C, 31st O. V. V. I.

Chips.

Comrade Kirby:—Your incidents of prison life will be acceptable.

Comrades G. Will Houts and A. W. Harlan:—Your letters will appear in turn; they are of the right sort.

James R. Good:—The editor has received no letter containing discharge papers, as per your receipt note.

The editor desires to call the attention of the "boys" to two things—first, that the supply of "fuel" is still largely in excess of the demand; and second, as has already been stated, only reminiscences, experiences, and stories of the war will be published in this department—all controversal and political matters will be omitted.

In the Wild and Woolly West.

A rancher from a backwoods district engaged a room at a hotel in Seattle, Wash. The house is lighted by electricity, and the bell boy turned on the light in the newcomer's room. The farmer didn't know how to extinguish the light, and, after exhausting his ideas, uncoiled the length of wire by which the light hung and stuck the lamp in the bureau drawer, smothering it under his clothing. The next day the lamp was found stowed away there and still burning.

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Talmage's Sermon.

BIBLE IS A TWO-EDGED SWORD

Of Truth in the Right Hands—Dr. Talmage's Sermon to Young Men Who Are Studying Theology.

Dr. Talmage preached to an immense audience at the Brooklyn tabernacle on Sunday. His text was 2 Samuel, xxiii, 10: "And his hand clave unto the sword."

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host. "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was embedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear the'r swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

O my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is in this way and that way, but wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely preserved and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand to the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking-house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace, and life and heaven.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacles. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said: "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said:

"Now go to work, as I begin to play," and for forty minutes during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all perturbation.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks; in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice, that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the sugeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt.

"His hand clave unto his sword."

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious missions sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshipper if he will not please to say "amen" or "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and a bath of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid someone will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work, that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave to the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church books opposite the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They are a heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer-meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick-room where there is some one to be comforted, and there is some old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict that he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

Oh, if there ever was anyone who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battle on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old General Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is a hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord G. Hosts as he says: "Behold this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods have strung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is 68 years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertime, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the humiliation that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle-shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay adying. It was Saturday morning, 4 o'clock. Just three years before that day, my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been home-sick to join her company. He was 83 years of age. Ministers of the gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow: "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react, and while you take the sword, the sword will take you.

You noticed that the officers of the Northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the Southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve, and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." O, my friends, when the battle of life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and the paw of the lion seized him in the Colliseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. McMillan and Campbell, and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of early exhaustion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say: "You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scar to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand struck together, and the hand clave to the sword. Oh my Lord Jesus, rouse us to thy service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

The Kind He Paid For.

Longhair—Do you pay for poetry?

Editor—Yes, whenever I buy a volume of Shakespeare or Longfellow I always pay the price, less the usual trade discount.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

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Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time. If you expect full replies. If more than one, they must be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Our Tariff History.

M. R., Maumee, O., asks for a history of our tariff enactments: There has been more legislating done on the tariff question in the past 100 years than on any other four or five subjects put together. The best known tariffs are those of 1789, 1824, 1832, 1842, 1846, 1857, 1861 and 1890. That of 1789 established the system of protection. From that time onward to the beginning of the war of 1812 the tendency was, on a whole, toward higher duties. During that conflict rates were doubled, and at the close they were reduced. Advances were made in 1824 and 1828, but a reduction was made in the sliding scale tariff of 1833. In 1842 rates again went up, but in 1846 the turn was once more downward, and this was the drift of things until the eve of the civil war, when, under the celebrated Morrill tariff, the general level of duties was materially advanced. Shortly after the end of the war there again started downward, and the changes since then have, generally speaking, kept fully up to the protective point. Undoubtedly the protective policy has largely served the country. The greatest financial and business disasters which the country ever experienced—those of 1837 and 1857—occurred in periods when the tariff was down to or near the "revenue only" basis.

Wool and Coin.

M. F. E., Bryan, O.: There is some wool imported, but of coarser grades as a rule, than that grown here. We can grow such wool, but it is more profitable to grow the finer grades, which sell for more money. The tariff is not responsible for the low prices of wool, because wool is selling in Canada to-day for from 12 to 15 cents a pound less than the same grade in the United States, which is an absolutely convincing argument. It is a fact that where large sums are sent from one country to another, whether it be from the United States to England, from England to France, or from France to Germany, or Germany to Russia, the coin is weighed, whether it be gold or silver, and passes for its market value. There is no loss on gold coin like ours, whose marked value is equal to its face value, except perhaps a slight loss because some of the coins are worn, but in the case of silver a man would lose about 25 cents on the dollar. Whether the coin is received or paid out it is weighed, and foreign coin coming to this country is weighed in the same manner.

Jenny Lind.

W. H. H., Saunemin, Ill.: Jenny Lind, the Swedish vocalist, was born in Stockholm, October 6, 1821. She manifested talent for singing from infancy, and when about 9 years of age she entered the musical academy at Stockholm. When she was about 16 years old she made her debut on the operatic stage, and for two years was the leading prima donna of the Stockholm opera. In 1841 she went to Paris for further instruction in singing. In 1844, she made her debut in opera at Berlin, and from that time forward her career was a brilliant one. In 1847, she made her first appearance in London, and for several years sang in opera in the leading cities of Europe. In September, 1850, she came to the United States under engagement with P. T. Barnum to give a series of musical concerts, and her tour excited the wildest enthusiasm. During her stay in Boston she was married to Otto Goldschmidt, a young pianist who accompanied her on part of her American tour. She returned to Europe, and after that time refused to reappear upon the stage, save upon a few occasions in concerts for the benefit of the poor. She died at her home in Malvern, England, November 2, 1887.

Poesy as a Bread-Winner.

T. F., Mekinock, Wis.: The reason that not the leading writers, but the leading poets, are unable to make a living from writing poetry alone, is simply because it is not profitable enough. Goldsmith's most profitable work was his prose, not his poetry; but Sir Walter Scott was a wealthy man during the greater portion of his life. He made no money from his writings so long as he wrote nothing but poetry, but when he turned his attention to prose writing he made large sums. He lost his fortune through outside speculation, and was largely in debt, but he succeeded in clearing this off from the proceeds of his writings. Tennyson inherited wealth. The subject is one which we will not discuss further, merely saying what we know to be a fact, that any one is foolish to attempt to make a living as a poet.

Electrical Engineering.

E. H. B., New Monmouth, N. J.: Electrical engineering is a very comprehensive term. It embraces the designing and building of every kind of electrical apparatus, motors, dynamos, telegraphs, telephones; the erection of electric light plants, the wiring of structures and houses for lighting, the erection of electric street railways, construction of electric street cars, and every other possible field of labor into which electricity enters. The place to study it is to begin in some electrical establishment, the same as you would learn to be a machinist. Of course, it is requisite that you should have a very full knowledge of electricity, such as is obtained in a college course on physics. We cannot give you addresses. See rule 3 above.

"Home, Sweet Home."

H. W. M., Fostoria, O.: The words of "Home, Sweet Home" were written by John Howard Payne. The music is by Sir Henry Bishop. Payne was born in New York in 1792, and was both an actor and an editor. He was appointed United States consul at Tunis in 1851, where he died in 1852. In 1883 his body was removed to the United States, and buried at Georgetown, D. C. We know nothing about the other piece you mention. No one knows who is the author of "Yankee Doodle." The words originated during the first year of the Revolution in the American camp near Boston. The music is an old British air.

Hypnotism.

H. G. M., Bright, Tenn.: The word "hypnotism" means a condition of sleep. Some people, generally those whose nervous systems are weak, or who are suffering from some nervous disease, can be thrown into a condition resembling sleep by other persons, in which state they are more or less under the control of the operator. The phenomenon is practically the same as that of mesmerism. The term "magnetism" should never be applied to any such phenomenon. There is no such thing as animal magnetism. Hypnotism is a medical subject, and the proper place for a discussion of it is in the columns of a medical periodical.

Vacancies in the Presidency.

C. C. M., Bolckow, Mo.: We have within the past two years given four times a very elaborate explanation of the fact that there never was a President for a day, nor has there ever been a time when the United States was without an executive, save when the 4th of March came on Sunday, in which case there was no President from noon on Sunday until the new President was sworn in at noon on Monday. In the cases of Presidents who have died while in office, the Vice President was sworn into office within a few hours.

Corea's Exclusiveness.

F. C., Salem, Neb.: All the countries of Eastern Asia are very jealous of foreigners and of interference by foreign governments, China was so, and it has been less than 40 years since it was possible for foreigners to travel in all parts of the empire; and even to-day there are remote portions in which it is dangerous for them. Japan kept everybody out—putting to death all foreigners who entered the country—until 1854, when Commodore Perry made the first treaty with them. Corea kept foreigners out until 1884-85, when American diplomacy and American missionaries succeeded in effecting an entrance.

A Sad Coincidence.

C. M., Tiffin, O.: It is a fact that, as Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr at Weehawken, on the Hudson, on July 11, 1804, his son Philip died of a wound received in a duel November 24, 1801, on the same spot where his father fell three years later. Young Hamilton became involved in a political quarrel with a man named Eacker, of whom history preserves no further record.

Miscellaneous.

C. A. E., Dennison, O.: The per diem pension bill never came to a vote in Congress.

B. S., Toledo, O.: It is impossible for us to publish the base ball scores for which you ask.

W. E. C., Venus, Tex.: Grover Cleveland vetoed more bills during his term than any other President, but we do not know the exact number.

S. P., asks: "When a lady leaves town, and a gentleman requests her to correspond with him, which should write the first letter?" The gentleman, of course.

We have several requests for information about the Lady Elgin disaster. If some one will send dates and particulars, written very briefly, we will publish.

A. P. R., Neshkoro, Wis.: At the time the law was passed organizing the United States Court of Appeals, last winter, we published a synopsis of its powers.

L. M., Austin, Nev.: There is a River Lee in Ireland, and there may possibly be one in England; but if so, it is so small that it is not marked on ordinary maps.

"Xerxes," Redding, Mich.: There are several of the Southern states in which the colored population is larger than the white: South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana in particular.

C. E. W., Armstrong Mills, O.: We have, unfortunately, lost the pamphlet by Joseph Nimmo, jr., referred to recently in THE BLADE, and consequently cannot tell you where to obtain it.

J. M., Red Oak, Ia.: We cannot give address of the firm you want. Ask some dealer in hardware to get catalogues of such things, and in that way find the manufacturers.

A. G. D., Paxton, Neb.: The story of "Aladdin and the wonderful lamp" is found in the Arabian Nights. Aladdin's cave was one to which he was transported by magic, and which was full of gold, diamonds and other precious stones.

E. W. D., Cope, O.: Ouida, (which is pronounced Wee-da), is the pen name of Miss Louise de la Rame, an English novelist, born in 1840. She took the name Ouida because a little child of the family, endeavoring to say "Aunt Louisa," called her "Aunt Weedah."

J. D. C., Jasper, Mo.: It is easier for the Census Bureau to collect statistics concerning soldiers than to endeavor to obtain them from the pension office. There are something like half a million soldiers and soldiers' widows who are not represented on the files of the pension office.

A. M. E., East Durham, N. C.: The River Jordan is 120 miles long in a direct line, but for a portion of its course it winds so much that within the space of 60 miles long and broad, it traverses a distance of at least 200 miles, and plunges over 27 rapids. Its mouth is 180 yards wide.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 120,000.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

53.—Some Questions Answered.

C. M. P., Washington, referring to the fact that when foreign coin is handled in large quantities in European money centers, it is received and paid out by weight, asks why we say that there would be a loss of 25 cents on every silver dollar, "as the silver dollar here buys just as much as a gold one." The reason is that the amount of pure metal in the silver dollar is not worth as much as its face value, while gold coin contains its full face value, except a slight loss from wearing.

The question at once presents itself: What is the reason the silver dollar is equal to the gold dollar in this country in purchasing power? For the same reason that French silver coin is equal in purchasing power to the gold, although its intrinsic value bears a still less proportion to its face value than does our silver dollar; for the same reason that silver coin, in all other countries of the Latin Union, is equal in purchasing power to gold coin, though its intrinsic value is far below its face value; and that reason is this: that there is no free and unlimited coinage of it.

In the earlier numbers of the Finance Primer we went over this entire topic very carefully, giving very full explanations, and we cannot reprint the details. We will say simply this: that two coins, one silver and one gold, of the same face value, but differing in intrinsic value, and both having full legal-tender powers, will circulate together until a point is reached at which the less valuable becomes too abundant. When that point is reached, it will be first noticed that business men pay out the less valuable and endeavor to retain the other. The next step is that the more valuable is held at a premium, and values are measured in the less valuable. The more valuable thus becomes a mere article of merchandise, and begins to drift out of the country.

There are only two ways of preventing this. One is, not to have the less valuable coin of full legal tender powers. The second is, to restrict its coinage, so that it may not become too abundant. The United States has adopted this latter expedient. We have refused to give free coinage to silver, and have restricted the amount coined, in order to prevent its becoming so abundant as to drive out gold. France has done the same thing, and so has every other country of the Latin Union, as readers of the Finance Primer will remember in the articles referring to those countries. The coinage of the silver dollar in the United States is now stopped; but the secretary of the Treasury has the power to order more coined if he shall find it necessary in order to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes issued under the silver law of 1890. This would happen if it were determined to redeem them in silver, or if the holders of the notes should ask for silver instead of gold. This stoppage of the coinage of the silver dollar does not restrict the increase of circulation, for the same law that did this provides for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion monthly, which is represented in circulation by its cost in these treasury notes, which are redeemable in either silver or gold.

J. A. A., New Lexington, O., says that "If it is true that free coinage would cause the cheap silver dollar to drive the gold dollar out of circulation, thus diminishing instead of increasing our amount of money, why not put silver enough into the dollar to make it equal in value to the gold dollar, and then coin it all?" We have no doubt if the free silver agitators had endeavored to secure free coinage in this way, it would have gone into effect long ago; but this is not what they want. The men who are at the bottom of the silver agitation are the men interested in silver mining; and they will, of course, make far more money by being able to take 76 cents' worth of silver to them int, and get a silver dollar for it. Their claim is that the present depression in silver is artificial, and caused by the demonetization of that metal in this country and in Europe. This plea is not sound. Silver is probably a little cheaper than it would otherwise be were it not for this; but the demonetization was because of the tremendous drop in the price of silver consequent on the vast increase of production of the metal through the discovery of the great silver mines. They also assert that if we should remonetize silver it would rise in value, and other countries would remonetize it also. This view is disbelieved by the ablest minds, not only of this country, but of Europe. The thing that needs to be done is to change the coinage ratio of the two metals. The coinage ratio in Europe is 15½ of silver to 1 of gold; ours is 16 of silver to 1 of gold, while the real market ratio of the two is almost 22 to 1.

J. W. N., Van Wert, O., quotes the dictum of some free coinage writer, that "since the demonetization of silver our farmers have lost over $1,000,000 on wheat;" that is, he pretends to say that the demonetization of silver has made gold that much dearer; or, to state it another way, that it takes more wheat to buy a gold dollar than it did before. This is the merest bosh. Had this been true, wheat would not only have depreciated in price, but corn, and oats, and horses, and sheep, and every thing else. Manufactured goods would have cheapened in the same ratio, and nobody would have been one whit the worse off, because, although the farmer, for instance, would have to sell more of his wheat to get a gold dollar, that gold dollar would buy more of something else than he needed. The statement is untrue, for other things have not depreciated in the way he says wheat has done. The low price of wheat for the past few years has been due to nothing less than that the world raised more wheat than it needed. This present year it did not, and wheat is now 25 per cent higher than it was a year ago. The mere fact of the rise in the value of farm products this year, owing to bad crops across the ocean, puts a quietus on this silly argument.

A correspondent at Independence, Iowa, sends us a long communication opening with the question: "Should the value of money depend upon its intrinsic value, or upon the value given it by law as a legal tender?" Then he goes on to argue in favor of the second proposition, its conclusion being that "the American theory of money is that it is the law and not intrinsic value that gives coin its purchasing power," and therefore "that paper money issued, not as a promise to pay $1, but as $1 itself, would be equally as valuable as coin." This is a compact statement of the old greenback flat-money delusion. Money is a commodity, and its value is fixed by what it sells for in the markets of the world, and not by law. We have explained above why it is that the silver dollar, whose intrinsic value is less than its face, is kept up in purchasing power, in the United States, France and other countries, to par with gold. Our friend uses as an illustration some of our minor coins. He must remember that these pass only for small sums. The law does not make them legal tender except for trivial payments; and it is their convenience, and the fact that the government redeems them in good money, that keeps them in circulation. The idea that our measure of value—the dollar—can be without value, is as absurd as to say that we would have a yard-stick which possessed no length, or a pound which did not weigh anything.

IOWA'S STATE CAMPAIGN.

The state campaign in Iowa this year is an extremely interesting one. The two parties, Republican and Democrat, are arrayed on national issues the same as in Ohio, the one standing for protection to American industries and American labor, and honest money; the other for free trade and free silver coinage. But in Iowa there is a local issue which is playing a very important part in the political battle. It is the question of prohibition. A Republican legislature, years ago, in response to a most overwhelming demand from the people of the state of all political beliefs, adopted prohibition. The people of the state have never faltered in their adhesion to the principle. This year the Democrats come befor the voters asking their suffrages, in return for a promised repeal of the prohibition law and the adoption of the license system.

This would be a distinctly retrograde step. Wherever whisky exists without taxation or regulation of the traffic on the part of the state, license would be a step in advance; but from prohibition to license is a step backward. Governor BOIES, the present Democratic incumbent, and candidate for re-election, is making his campaign largely on this issue; but he has nowhere attempted to justify the policy, which, considering the present status in Iowa, simply means the extension of saloons into dozens of Iowa counties now free from this curse.

Iowa is an illustration of the fact that no law can be fully enforced in any locality where the majority of public sentiment is not strongly in favor of its full and impartial enforcement. This is the case in some of the cities of that state, as it is in our cities everywhere. The percentage of foreign-born population is always greater in them than it is in the country. There is always, also, a greater percentage of the population made up of those classes to whom the saloon is a congenial resort, and indulgence in intoxicants the most favored mode of passing spare hours. This condition of affairs in a few cities is being used by Governor BOIES as an argument. He is guilty of the deceit of assuming that, because a certain state of things is true of them, it is true of the whole state. Every one at all conversant with the real situation knows that this is not true. The violation of the prohibitory law is entirely confined to the municipalities of Iowa, and in these very largely to those in the border counties.

It is a fact that should have full significance given it by the Republican voters of Iowa, that those cities in which the prohibition law is most largely defied, are under Democratic control. The machinery of the law in them is in the hands of the Democratic party; it controls the police power; it is officially represented by all the police officers; it is responsible for the enforcement of the law, yet does not enforce it. In those cities the Democratic party entered into an alliance offensive and defensive with the law-defying saloon element, to get control of the executive machinery of the municipality. After that was done, it used the machinery of the law to protect the saloons in their defiance of law.

The Democratic party in Iowa, having thus allied itself with the law-defying liquor element, for the nullification and repeal of the prohibitory statute, Governor Boies is traveling over the state as the representative of this unholy alliance, and endeavoring through his election and the election of a Democratic egislature, to legalize the traffic where it has been fostered by the Democratic party and to spread the saloon nuisance to counties where the enlighted public sentiment is such as to have entirely banished public dram-shops from the community. That is to say, Governor BOIES goes before the people in Iowa with a plea which is practically this: The Democratic party has nullified the prohibitory law in certain of the large cities. The voters are now asked to consider this as a proper and sufficient excuse for spreading the saloons in dozens of counties, which have for years been free from its curse. To put it in other words, the nullification of the law in a few local cities is advanced as an excuse for a repeal of the law all-over the state.

We much misjudge the sentiment of the honest and law-abiding voters of Iowa, if they shall by their votes, justify such an outrage. They have the high duty imposed upon them of rebuking an unscrupulous party and its unscrupulous officials, who have dared in certain localities to use their official position for the nullification of a law which has as much authority as any other upon the statute books. They have the duty imposed them of rebuking a party and a state executive with more regard for law breakers than for the law itself. They are on trial before the American people, and by the verdict which their votes shall give in November, they will decide whether the people of Iowa believe that the politics of that state revolve around a whisky bottle and a beer keg, or whether the decent, law-respecting and law-obeying element shall not be placed in control. We have faith to believe that Governor BOIES will be defeated on this issue. The situation calls for a knock-down blow to the people and the party defying the law. Such a blow will have a two-fold effect; it will defeat the Democratic party, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"TENDING baby in New York" will probably be the excuse GROVER CLEVELAND gives for not helping CAMPBELL out in Ohio.

OUR PUBLIC DOMAIN.

From the annual report of the commissioner of public lands, it appears that during the fiscal year closed June 30, 1891, the government disposed of 2,143,000 acres of public lands. Of this area 1,391,413 acres were pre-emption entries, 33,691 acres were mineral, and 30,955 acres were private entries.

Persons who read of the tremendous rush at the opening of the reservation added to Oklahoma a short time ago are liable to obtain the false impression that there is but little public land still in the market. The report of the commissioner, alluded to above, shows that we have an enormous area still awaiting occupancy. Below is given a table showing the vacant public land in each of the public land states and territories at the end of the last fiscal year:

	Acres.		Acres.
Alabama....	947,610	Montana.....	74,372,769
Arizona....	55,061,095	Nebraska....	11,460,436
Arkansas...	4,998,598	Nevada	59,659,534
California..	52,268,499	New Mexico.	54,986,679
Colorado....	42,167,030	N. Dakota...	16,135,449
Florida.....	3,408,381	Oklahoma...	8,502,406
Idaho	33,781,851	Oregon.....	29,220,151
Iowa.....	6,000	S. Dakota....	14,08[illegible],324
Kansas.....	789,078	Utah.....	35,428,997
Louisiana...	1,243,118	Washington.	20,401,691
Michigan ...	781,816	Wisconsin ...	1,008,133
Minnesota..	6,849,975	Wyoming....	50,842,424
Mississippi..	1,201,280		
Missouri...	1,023,398	Total.....	579,664,688

It is but proper to say, however, that a vast deal of this enormous area is in what is termed the arid region. The amount of first-class land for agricultural purposes in regions where the annual rainfall is large enough to prevent danger from drouth save in exceptional cases, is small. The commissioner says however, that there are millions of acres in the arid region with splendid soil, but upon which no one attempts to settle because the water supply for irrigation cannot be secured except at an enormous expense, too great for the settlers to pay.

The land commissioner discusses the future of these areas to some extent. Having shown, as above stated, that the individual settlers cannot bear the expenses necessary for irrigation, he says that to his mind "it is equally clear that Congress can never be persuaded to appropriate enough money from the public treasury to construct the necessary reservoirs and canals." Furthermore, he thinks Congress is not likely to pass any law transferring the title of large areas of this land to private corporations which would invest the necessary capital far the irrigation of the area conveyed to them, "because the genius of our institutions stands in stubborn opposition to the acquisition of title to extensive tracts of land by corporations."

If the commissioner be correct in his view, the arid region is likely to remain unsettled and valueless unless a new solution be found for the irrigation problem. This solution, the commissioner thinks, he has found. We quote the following plan from his report:

The wisest plan, it seems to me, would be the transfer of the land and water to the direct control of the states, subject to such limitations and restrictions as would insure the reclamation of the land by the states and the transfer of title from the state in the first instance to actual settlers in quantity not exceeding, say, 160 acres of land to each settler.

When the land title becomes surely vested in actual settlers on the land there need not be any apprehension of danger from the action of the settlers in disposing of their homes. On the reclaimed desert as elsewhere, the homestead will in general be more valuable to the family owning and living upon it than to any one else. Hence the general government will have carried into effect its ancient and wise policy in providing as a condition of the grant, that no state shall convey more than a limited area of the land to any one person, and further, that such person shall be an actual settler on the land conveyed to him or her, and shall be possessed of such other qualifications as the wisdom of Congress may deem proper. The condition might be made effective by providing that any violation thereof should operate as a forfeiture of the land of the government.

The suggestion is a wise one and the proposed grant of land to the states could certainly be hedged up with such strict legal provisions as to prevent state legislatures from corruptly conveying the land to corporations or otherwise defeating the ends aimed at Congress. It is one of the questions that will become very important in the near future, for the time when all available land will be exhausted is already in sight.

THE DEATH OF PARNELL.

The announcement of the death of the famed Irish leader, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, startled both hemispheres this morning. For some months Mr. PARNELL has been far less in the public eye than previously, but no intimation had reached the public, through the press or otherwise, of his illness. Had Mr. PARNELL'S death occurred a year earlier, the shock would have been infinitely more profound, and every man sympathizing with the cause of the Irish people would have mourned the loss of its mighty champion as one well nigh irreparable.

His sudden death, while removing him forever from his chosen field of political effort, will have the effect of causing his labors therein to stand out unveiled by the mists of prejudice and the clouds of personal scandal, and the real usefulness of the man thus struck down will be more apparent. Mr. PARNELL'S social sins deprived him of his prestige, caused a wide breach in the Irish party, and undoubtedly shortened his life. It has been noted for months that Mr. PARNELL was paler and thinner, a sure indication his physical system was suffering from the tremendous mental strain put upon him, not only by the O'Shea divorce case, but by the division it caused in the Irish ranks and by the tremendous Parliamentary campaign in which he bore such a conspicuous part in Ireland. His enfeebled form thus yielded to an attack of disease, which, under other circumstances, would probably have been successfully resisted.

It is difficult for the masses of the Irish people to put a just estimate upon the great service which Mr. PARNELL has rendered to their cause. The cloud which has been over him for the past few months has obscured the real importance of his labors. History is full of instances in which mankind have been tolerant of the weakness and frailties of great public men, but in every such instance there has been a time following such revelations in which popularity has waned and the commanding talents of an adored leader have been in eclipse. It has been Mr. PARNELL'S misfortune that he did not live through this period. The time would surely have come, sooner or later, when his commanding talents would have again placed him in undisputed leadership of the Irish cause. Death has intervened and prevented this. Whatever his follies, the one fact will go down in Irish history that no single man has yet done so much real service to the Irish people as has CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

ONE YEAR OF THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

To-day, October 6, the new tariff law has been in force just one year. What has been the result of that year's experience? How have the wild-eyed predictions of high prices for the necessaries of life, of the ruin of our foreign trade, and of lower prices for what the farmers produced, so glibly made a year ago by the Democratic press, been carried out?

The first of these free trade statements—that the new tariff law would increase the prices of the necessaries of life—has been proved by experience to be utterly false. About 60 per cent of all the articles which go to make up every-day needs of the people of the United States are to-day cheaper than they were a year ago, and the prices of the remainder are substantially unchanged. There is not, so far as our observation extends, any increase of price in any article due to the new tariff law.

The failure of the predictions of the "calamity howlers" with regard to our foreign commerce has been equally marked. Our imports have enormously increased in the aggregate, because of the large additions made by the new tariff law to the free list. Articles not produced in this country, which formerly paid duty, come in free under the new law, and are consequently cheaper, because where there there is no home production the duty is always paid by the consumer. Where, however, we manufacture or produce the article, the price here is fixed by the cost of production, and the tariff cuts no figure in it.

Our exports to foreign countries, too, have enormously increased. The total value of our exports for the last seven months shows an increase of $36,397,183 over the average exports for the corresponding months of the past five years. With our imports increased and our export trade increasing, the falsity of the free trade cry is fully apparent.

The third count, that the ruin of our foreign trade would keep down the price of the products of American farms, is likewise a falsehood. All the staple products of American agriculture are selling higher to-day than for a long time in the past, with the single exception of cotton, of which the cotton planters themselves admit there has been an enormous over-production for the past two years.

Hence the net result of one year of the new tariff law is:

Cheaper prices for the necessaries of life,

An increased import trade,

A much larger export trade,

And a greater degree of general prosperity than the nation has experienced since about 1883.

THE ADA JOINT DEBATE.

The joint debate between CAMPBELL and MCKINLEY at Ada was a decidedly noteworthy event. It brought in sharp contrast, before the people not only of the state but of the nation, the essential differences between the two men, and their entirely opposite methods of treating the issues before the people. Mr. CAMPBELL, who had the opening speech, tuned his pipe to the song of "Calamity." He wept and wailed and predicted all manner of gloomy things for the people of this nation unless they open the doors to foreign competing products and manufactures, unmindful of the fact that they would still have to support the federal government, and that the burden would be greater than it is at present. Nor was Mr. CAMPBELL manly enough to avoid statements which he knew to be falsehoods, such as his remarks on tin plate. He presented himself to his audience not only as a calamity howler, but as one of the brood of tin-plate liars.

Major MCKINLEY'S speech in rejoinder was without doubt the strongest, the best, and the most convincing he has made in this campaign. Every point brought up by CAMPBELL met its refutation. Nor was the major content with merely holding his own line. He made a sweeping foray into his opponent's camp, carrying dismay and confusion before him. CAMPBELL could not rally himself to repel all of MCKINLEY'S arguments. He refused, in spite of calls from his audience and a direct challenge from Major MCKINLEY, to say anything about the silver issue. His closing speech, in place of being a dignified, argumentative rejoinder to MCKINLEY, was a demagogic attempt to dissipate the force of arguments which he could not answer, by attempting to play the buffoon and laugh them away. He violated the rules of honorable debate in introducing new matter into his final reply, in place of making it—as is the universally recognized rule—an argument in rebuttal.

The honors of the debate are with MCKINLEY. This is the verdict even of Democrats who heard it. Mr. CAMPBELL was apparently grounded, in his earlier political experience, in the thoroughly false idea that the people en masse are fools, and incapable of judging correctly in a case properly supported by argument; and therefore that falsehood and demagogy are legitimate political weapons on the stump. He has, unfortunately, found himself unable to get over this vicious idea. He stoops, if not to direct falsehood, at least to *suppressio veri*, and conceals facts which would overthrow the unsound positions which he finds it necessary to assume. The joint debate will do good to the Republican cause, and Mr. CAMPBELL will have plenty of leisure after November 3 next to regret that he has conducted this campaign on the low plane of a prevaricator and calamity howler instead of as an honest and sincere advocate.

CAMPBELL'S FINANCES.

The bluster of Governor CAMPBELL in bringing libel suits against papers which published the New York *Recorder's* story of his alleged financial embarrassments, has been promptly supplemented by the efforts of the Democratic press of the state to endeavor to make political capital out of it. The attempt will fail with all intelligent men, for the quite sufficient reason that neither the Republican State committee, nor Major MCKINLEY, nor any one authorized to speak for them, was concerned in the publication of the article referred to.

It first appeared in the New York *Recorder*, and the next day was copied into a number of other papers, all outside the state except one—the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. The latter evinced a vicious propensity to exploit a sensation rather than to serve the interests of justice and of the Republican party. Its course in this matter is as erratic and indefensible as was its silly exploitation of the ballot-box scandal of two years ago; but fortunately it will not have the ill effect of that act. No one can possibly connect the candidate or the Republican party with this matter.

The Republicans of Ohio care nothing about Governor CAMPBELL'S private business affairs. He may be involved, and probably is; his private secretary, CLAUDE MEEKER, in a letter to the New York *Press*, admits that he is in debt. But the Ohio Republicans are fighting CAMPBELL on the principles he represents, rather than on his private affairs; they are more concerned about the bankruptcy of the state under his administration, which was only avoided by the refunding of the direct tax of 1861 by the federal government, than they are about his personal bankruptcy. No Republican speaker has referred to it; and every Republican paper in the state, aside from the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, treated the rumor as it deserved—with contemptuous silence. As for the *Commercial Gazette*, it is foolish and erratic in politics, and is fast losing whatever influence it ever possessed among Ohio Republicans.

A KISSING QUERY.

THE editorial soul goes out in compassion to some unknown but presumably lovely feminine correspondent whose gentle heart seeks information in the words and sentences following, to-wit:

Will you kindly oblige my request, which I am about to make of you? It is this: A question was asked of me to the effect of my definition of a kiss. Can you and will you kindly give a good definition of what is there in a kiss? or, what is the meaning of a kiss? I should like both described, if you please.

MAY.

It is always a congenial task to impart useful and interesting information, and we attack the problem propounded by MAY with the prefatory remark that she came to the right shop to obtain full particulars. First, as to "what there is in a kiss." Well, we have poetical authority for the statement that

"There's lots of bliss in a harmless kiss,
With no one near to mind us, Kate!"

And deponent can assure MAY of the fact from actual experience. As to the second query, a kiss may mean much, or little, or nothing at all. A kiss of a woman by a woman generally means nothing, and the practice is reprehensible because it is an outrageous waste of valuable material. The kiss of affection, such as that between brother and sister and among relatives generally, means very little, as a rule. It is simply a greeting or a parting salute. There is but one kind of a kiss that has real meaning or real enjoyment; it is the kiss of love. And as we have a kind of darkling suspicion that it is the kind of a kiss MAY is inquiring about, we can do no better than describe it with some degree of detail.

The necessary ingredients are two young persons of opposite sexes. It is better that they shall be seated in close proximity, as it facilitates matters very much. The gentleman should insist on the lady resting her head in the region of his left shoulder, and, in order to see that nothing slips, and the kiss thus be lost on the lady's left ear, it is advisable that he shall take a pretty firm, yet gentle, cinch with his left arm. The lady should bring her lips into the proper position, which is a charming combination of the letter O and an opening rosebud. The gentleman does as near ditto as it is possible for him to do. Then, in the language of NOAH WEBSTER, he presses his lips to those of the lady for an instant—or six; and it is generally admissible to repeat the ceremony *ad libitum*. Such a kiss generally means love, and its effect is to plunge the two operators into temporary elysium. It must be experienced to be appreciated; and we most earnestly advise MAY that she try the experiment at the very earliest opportunity.

A FALSE CLAIM.

The New York *World*, which appears to be very uneasy over the Ohio situation, has an editorial article on Governor CAMPBELL, in which it makes the following preposterous statement:

The tariff was raised on the pretense of paying higher wages to American workmen. It has proved a fraud. Monopoly takes all the increased profits, and labor can bite its thumb.

The *World* knows, as does every intelligent voter in Ohio, that no such claim was made as that the new tariff law would raise wages in all industries. The claim of the protectionists—and it is one the *World* dare not dispute, and cannot successfully—is that the wages rate in this country is admittedly much higher than in free trade England; that this higher rate is maintained by the tariff; and that to adopt Democratic free trade would necessitate the cutting of American wages down to the English standard. And the appeal was made to voters to decide by their ballots whether they wished the present American wage-scale to be maintained, or whether they were willing it should be cut down to the free trade scale. The *World* voices a fraud which it knows to be a fraud when it makes its preposterous assertion.

A similar one is its next statement about increased profits. The *World* knows that the profits of manufacturing in the United States are not excessive. It is a matter of official record that the manufacturers of Massachusetts averaged but about 7 per cent profit last year. A farmer in Ohio who did not make more than that per annum on the capital invested in his farm and implements, would consider that he had had an extremely poor year.

ABOUT BRAZIL.

The Bureau of the American Republics, at Washington, has just issued Bulletin No. 7, entitled "Brazil." It is a very well gotten-up volume of 236 pages, well printed and illustrated. Its contents embrace a historical sketch of Brazil, with information in compact form as to its area, population and political divisions; colonization and immigration; forestry and mineral resources; agricultural products; railway and steamship communication; finances, taxation and educational system; commercial advantages and methods; reciprocity arrangements with the United States; commercial statistics; the constitution of the republic; a commercial directory, and the tariff duties of Brazil.

From the constitution we find that Brazil is in advance of the United States in that she provides an educational limitation to citizenship. That instrument requires that "persons ignorant of the alphabet" shall not vote at either federal or state elections. It also excludes from voting all beggars, and all members of communities of any religious denomination who are subject to vows of obedience, etc., which imply the surrender of individual liberty. This prohibition includes all soldiers on pay. The Brazilians are determined that none but free men shall vote, and that they shall be moderately intelligent, at least.

TO FREE TRADERS.

The following questions are propounded by the New York *Sun*, Democratic, to Representative SPRINGER, of Illinois. We submit them to any free trader who may read THE BLADE, and shall be glad to publish the answers, given from a free trade standpoint:

1. Why has the depression in agricultural been so severe? and why does it promise to be lasting in Great Britain, a free trade country?
2. Is it the Morrill tariff or the McKinley tariff that is the cause of the short crops in Europe this year?
3. Why do trusts and monopolies exist and flourish under the regime of free trade as in Great Britain?
4. Why have the greatest fortunes made in the United States been made outside of the great protected industries?

PROSPERITY IN THE NORTHWEST.

The attention of the calamity wailers throughout the country to the collection made by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* concerning the present market value of farm lands in Minnesota, North Dakata, and South Dakota. The figures were collected by the correspondents of the *Pioneer Press*, and based wherever possible on actual transactions. Comparison is made with their value at the close of the crop season of 1890. These reports show that everywhere farm lands have increased in value from 10 to 50 per cent, and in the case of some of the new lands the value has even been doubled. The St. Paul newspaper estimates that in the three states $200,000,000 have been added to the agricultural wealth.

The *Pioneer Press* is a very conservative paper and has not been in full sympathy with the Republican doctrine, but these facts as compiled by its correspondents have tended to stiffen its Republican backbone. The farmers of the Northwest have made investments which are paying them big returns, and the farmer would appear to be much better off than men engaged in almost any other pursuit. It would be a bad place with that state of affairs for ROGER QUAMITY MILLS or JERRY SIMPSON and their despairing wail of poverty and distress.

TIN PLATE ON THE MARKET.

The following letter, written to the Peoria *Transcript*, by a gentleman of that city who deals in tin plate, is of itself a complete refutation of the miserable Democratic lie that American tin plate is not produced in commercial quantities:

PEORIA, Sept. 23, 1891.—To the Editor.—Your article on the Piqua tin-plate business, to-day, is well worth reading. While the Piqua mills may not be turning out plate in commercial quantities, the Laufman works at Apollo, Pa., are.

I was in Chicago last week and their agent quoted us two prices on an excellent grade of roofing tin and was willing to contract to deliver a car a week to us. John Johnson & Co., of Chicago, received a car-load to tin-plate last week from the Laufman works and were highly pleased with it. The works at Demmler, Pa., are running exclusively on bright tin, rolling their sheets, as do the Laufman people.

FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Every reader of THE BLADE is requested to read the announcement at the head of the "Publisher's Desk" column, on the next page, the announcement of our four new pictures. They are simply exquisite, and we hope the homes of thousands of THE BLADE'S readers will be adorned by them this fall.

HON. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, first Lord of the Treasury, and the Conservative leader in the British House of Commons, whose death was recently announced by cable, was the original from whom the author of the libretto of Pinafore drew the character of "Sir JOSEPH PORTER, K. C. B." In spite of this caricature, Mr. SMITH always had the sincere respect of Englishmen of all political parties. He rose from the very humblest beings, even if he did not "polish up the handle of the big front door" at the commencement. He was not a statesman in the broad sense of that word; he had no commanding talents as a leader, nor brilliancy as a speaker; but he was a master of details, the ideal of a "desk man" in government office, and he rose step by step by the simple plan of doing thoroughly and well whatever duties were imposed upon him by his office. That a man with no advantages of birth, or position, or wealth, could rise from the lowest round of the ladder to so high a place under the British government, illustrates the fact that the multiplex British constitution is really democratic in its nature. Were it aristocratic, such advancement would have been impossible.

Mr. BRICE is getting ready for the contest over the senatorial seat he claims, which contest he now sees to be inevitable. He can no longer hope to have the attempted nullification of the United States constitution regarding the qualifications of senators as to residence ignored by the Senate itself when he comes to be sworn in, and is endeavoring, therefore, to make out such a case as he may be able against that day of doom. The following paragraph is from a column of political chat in the New York *Press*, by "Ben Abon," which is the pen-name of CARSON LAKE, erstwhile well known in Ohio:

Politicians who drop in on Chairman Brice, Democratic national committee, nearly all notice and afterward remark on a black covered "pub. doc." that stands conspicuously on top of his desk. The inscription on its back is as follows: "Senate Election Cases, 1793 to 1885. Taft." Colonel Brice is evidently preparing to meet any contest that may be made of his right to sit in the United States Senate as a senator from Ohio.

THE Democratic scheme which worked in Michigan, to secure the election of Presidential electors by Congressional districts, and is about to be carried out in Ohio, should the Democrats win in the legislature, is also an issue in Iowa. The scheme has been exposed by the Davenport, Iowa, *Democrat*. That paper argues elaborately in favor of "Michiganizing" Iowa. All along the line in Republican states, the Democracy is endeavoring to secure the legislatures, and should they win they will pass bills in every one of them for the choice of electors by Congressional districts instead of by states. The Republicans of Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska and other states where legislatures are to be elected this year should take warning and see to it that the Democrats do not have a majority in those bodies.

IT is now apparent that the sugar bounties to be paid to the sugar planters of this country will not amount to a cent over $10,000,000. The tariff upon this product has been previously between fifty-five and sixty-five millions of dollars. This will be a saving to the people of the United States of close upon $50,000,000. The Republican policy of protection is to allow those products which we cannot produce in this country in sufficient quantities to supply our own wants, to enter free of duty; and when after a fair trial it is discovered—as in the case of sugar—that we must buy much more than we produce, the Republican doctrine takes off the duty and allows it to enter free. There are few men with the exception of the Democratic howlers who would not be willing to invest $10 in order to gain $50.

THE marriage this week of Mrs. FRANK LESLIE and Mr. W. C. K. WILDE, brother of OSCAR, the ex-æsthete, is provoking a great deal of press comment, especially as Mrs. LESLIE says she married her new husband largely "because of the love she bore his mother." Mr. WILDE says he is a journalist and modestly observes: "I am told that my judgment as an art and dramatic critic is considered final." This is almost equal, says the Albany *Times*, to OSCAR'S remark to a London friend who visited him in Paris. "Did you drop in at my chambers before you left London?" inquired the æsthete. "I did," was the reply. "Did you observe whether my lily was in flower?" The friend answered that it was. "How good of it to bloom while I'm away," murmured OSCAR gently.

HARPER'S *Weekly*, although it is decidedly wugwump in its political tendencies, has the courage to tell the truth about the World's Fair business. It says:

That the scheme of holding the World's Fair in New York was a shrewd plot for the benefit of Tammany is now a very general belief, and it is no discredit to Mr. Platt that he saw it when others did not see it, and stoutly resisted it.

That is, Tammany was going to run the fair, if it came to New York, as a private speculation for its army of political beelers and bummers. Congress very wisely located it at Chicago, and now the Tammany tiger roars and howls in impotent rage.

THE regular monthly statement of money circulation in the United States finds the average to be, on the 1st of October, $23.75 per capita. This is an increase of total circulation of $20,000,000 since three months ago, or an average of 30 cents per capita. The per capita is based on the estimated population of 64,440,000, which is found by starting from the census figures of last year and applying to them the ratio of increase for the preceding decade.

THE feeling in England against the House of Lords has been steadily growing for many years. It has now reached a point at which the question is bound soon to become a practical one. At the great Liberal Federation Congress at Newcastle, Hon. JOHN MORLEY, referring to the House of Peers, declared that "it has become a matter for serious consideration, how long that privileged House, non-representative and unreformed, is to endure." This elicited hearty applause, and the utterance has created a sensation throughout England. Conservative and slow-going as are the English people, it does seem probable that the time has come when the abolition of hereditary legislators may become an accomplished fact.

THE regular trade report in the September issue of the *Hosiery and Knit Goods Journal*, of New York, says:

Buyers are offering only $1.75 for fine gauge seamless hose that sold readily last year at $2, and prices generally are lower.

Note the above from a leading trade journal to that line of goods. The new tariff law *raised* the duty on imported foreign goods of that kind; the amount imported has lessened; but the American manufacturers are filling the market, and prices have gone done instead of up. Ask your free trade friend to explain this fact, which is in direct opposition to his theory that "the tariff is a tax." You will put him in a hole.

IT is time the car stove was eliminated from railway passenger trains. The New York Central has already made a contract with a steam heating company for the equipment of its entire system with apparatus for heating cars by steam. The sacrifices of life on cars burned up during collisions and other accidents have been a costly item in the expenditures of this and other railroad companies. They will all, eventually, be persuaded that it will be cheaper to have cars heated by steam than by stoves. Economy thus comes to the aid of humanity.

"LAND BILL" ALLEN, the author of the homestead act, is in the Columbus poorhouse, at the age of 86 years. Why would it not be right for the thousands of home owners in the West, who owe their prosperity to the homestead law, to raise a fund for Mr. ALLEN'S support until his death? It seems shameful, in a country boasting of its prosperity as does ours, that the author of so good a law, which has made homes for so many people, should pass his last days in a poor-house.

THE riotous proceedings at Omaha on Friday night, during which a criminal was lynched by a mob of desperate citizens, is a disgrace upon the fair name of the metropolis of Nebraska. Mob law is always bad law, and the law of the state should have been allowed to take its course. In that way the hands of the citizens would not have been stained with the blood of even so great a wretch as the man weo was lynched.

LIKE father, like son. The death of a chorus girl at the Gaiety Theater, London, has brought out the story that she had been, for some months, under the "protection" of Prince ALBERT VICTOR, the oldest son of the Prince of WALES, and heir to the throne after his father. WALES and his son are doing all they can to overthrow royalty in Great Britain.

THE national convention which will meet at Evansville, Indiana, in a short time to consider Western waterways, will be fraught with much interest to the people of Ohio. Governor CAMPBELL should appoint a delegation to represent the interests of this state. There never has been a time when the question of internal waterways was bringing out as much interest throughout the West, as now.

GOLD is worth $3.41 in the Argentine republic. The government attempted a short time ago to fix the price of gold for two years; but, just as in the past, government flats have failed to regulate financial values when there was very little gold to be had in commercial circles. Government flats have little to do with true gold values.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JONES is now paying the freight on some very first class Democrats in New York. HERMAN OELRICHS, late of the Democratic national committee, has enlisted under his banner, and JOHN D. TOWNSEND, one of John Kelley's big Indians in Tammany, is fighting under the Binghampton flag.

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA'S report of his Alaska tour confirms other reports made by preceding explorers. The country magnificent forests and vast mineral wealth, but the rivers are unnavigable, and it will require the building of railroads before the country can be developed.

GROVER CLEVELAND, in a speech the other night before the New York Democratic club, remarked: "I am a sort of CASSANDRA in political matters." Out here the Democrats, considering the campaign of 1888, look upon him not only as a CASSANDRA, but as a hoodoo.

TWENTY years ago on Friday night, MRS. O'LEARY'S cow kicked over the lamp which set fire to Chicago, which burned up the city and which caused it to be rebuilt in its present solid manner. It is not often that a great fire brings forth such good results.

WITHOUT demand or solicitation the furnace men in the Mahoning Valley have advanced the wages of employes 10 per cent. The Hon. ROGER QUAMITY MILLS will not quote this fact in the despairing wail which he is daily and nightly uttering.

THE Society of the Army of the Tennessee has started a fund for the erection of a monument to General W. T. SHERMAN, at Washington. New York might have been chosen, but the experiment with the Grant monument was too much for the soldiers.

THE margin of free gold in the Treasury has increased to $92,528,221, in spite of the fact that $18,293,400 was paid out in redemption of the 4½ per cent bonds. The fellows who were howling about a "bankrupt treasury" are very quiet just now.

GENERAL H. V. BOYNTON, so long the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, but recently relieved by the new management of that paper, will become a special writer on the Washington *Post*.

THE admission of German beet root sugar free of duty, is likely to prove very advantageous to the United States under the reciprocal arrangement, and by it our export trade to Germany will largely be increased.

IF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL could see some of the newspaper portraits of him that have been published this week, he'd be mighty glad he's dead.

CURRENT EVENTS

He must be an obscure and commonplace person who has no enemy.

Judge Noah Davis was born on a farm and realized his first coin selling eggs.

Henry Clews' early life was spent as

Publishers' Desk.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 86 years after Christ, and is the most authentic representation of the favorite sport of the Roman people. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The walls are adorned with gold statues, images of deities, reliefs and altars. The base of an obelisk, brought by Augustus from Egypt, and a triumphal arch glistening in the sunlight, add classic beauty to the picture. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution. The varied expressions of emotion by the Roman women in the foreground; the grace of pose; the draping of their classical robes and harmonious colors, exhibit the technical skill and rare imaginative power of this great painter.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. The fixed look of Napoleon the Great, his contracted mouth, pose upon his horse, as well as the gloomy shade of feeling in the faces of Marshals Ney and Berthier, tell clearly the beginning of his downfall. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter he has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The first original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture. In order to paint Napoleon correctly, Meissonier obtained the original overcoat of the Emperor from the Paris Museum, and to secure the atmospheric effect, painted this figure on the roof of his studio in a snow storm. Meissonier died in Paris, January 31, 1891.

"Christ Leaving the Pretorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. One of the greatest religious paintings of the century, as it is one of the most wonderful creations of the genius of Gustave Dore. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, calm, majestic, commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically depicted in this wonderful picture. The reproduction is engraved with the greatest care, preserving all the beautiful softness and value of the original, and has been pronounced by art critics to be equal in execution to the finest proofs, sold by subscription only, for $100 each, in the Dore gallery, London.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. He has covered the canvas with the tempestuous ocean, with no land in sight. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Her spars are broken, her sails hang entangled with ropes at her side, and her anchors are dragging. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First." The original picture was lately exhibited in the Royal Academy and for some months the best engravers were at work to produce a fac-simile by photo-etching, thus giving to the American public a truthful copy of this wonderful original.

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 1st Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in *colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents Christ brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face, a crowd of Jews behind him on the pavement. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame as a splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $10,000. In the scene Venice is seen from the Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond this, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x23 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE CAMPAIGN SEASON.

We are now preparing and arranging our terms for campaign three months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE in clubs. We want from 20,000 to 30,000 short-time subscribers, and we are going to offer confidential terms to agents for three-months' clubs, which shall be very profitable. We want at least one person at every postoffice in the United States to act as agent. Send on a postal card an application, and we will send our confidential terms by mail. This will give you an opportunity to make several dollars by a very few days' work. Our campaign terms for club subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will be very low. Send for our confidential terms, and when you apply, don't forget to ask also for a sample copy of the Weekly BLADE

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

Last fall we printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four of THE BLADE'S pages, and sold many thousand copies. The Ohio campaign has renewed the demand; so we have just issued a new edition, which is now ready. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added notes to the different schedules, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send two 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send two copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy and the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUT OF PRINT.

All our copies of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Houton, are sold; and there is no use of sending in any further orders for the book as we cannot fill them. It is out of print.

We have a few copies left of Miss Houton's "Health and Beauty." When these are gone, this book will also be out of print. Those who desire a copy of this, Miss Houton's best book, should order immediately, before the few still remaining on hand are disposed of. The price is $1 per copy, postpaid by mail. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.
RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin.
EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait..... 25c
Any three portraits..... 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

REV. DR. CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

The Presbyterian Clergyman Who is to Be Tried for Heresy.

By a close vote of 64 against 62 the New York Presbytery has decided to try Dr. Briggs, professor of Hebrew in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, on two charges, set forth with minute specifications by a committee appointed at a previous meeting of that body. He is charged with teaching doctrines in his inaugural address to the seminary mentioned which conflict with and are contrary to the Bible and the

standards of his church, and with being unsound in his views as to the character, state and sanctification of believers after death. Dr. Briggs will conduct the defense personally.

He is regarded as the head of the new school of Presbyterians, and in learning and ability commands the attention of educated people everywhere. The expectation seems to be that he will be found guilty of the charges made against him, with the probable result that he will withdraw from membership in the religious body of which he has been long an ornament.

Dr. Briggs was born in New York city in 1841. After his graduation at the universities of Virginia and Berlin he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York, where he was graduated with the class of 1863. He spent the following few years in a business pursuit. In 1870 he was chosen pastor of a church at Roseville, N. J. Since 1875 he has been connected with the Union Theological Seminary as professor.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Nothing to speak of—your neighbors' affairs.

Love is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

The weight of evidence is used on the scales of justice.

Men with slovenly weighs are balanced and found wanting.

A fool's advice is better than a knave's. It is at least sincere.

Most actors like Hamlet, because the ghost walks regularly in it.

The fall style of hat is one that blows off and runs on the ground.

Men can give excellent advice about what they cannot do themselves.

What card does a girl with several lovers resemble? The queen of hearts.

In mediæval times middle-aged people must have been unusually plentiful.

"Love won another!" said the man who had just married his second wife.

A man may get a crick in his back by trying to carry water on both shoulders.

Never expect a lawyer to mind his own business. He'd starve to death if he did.

"Bosche writes over an assumed name." "Modesty!" "No. Self-respect, I fancy."

The gambler may be fond of his "ante," but he pays frequent visits to his "uncle."

Many keep their reputations polished only that they may outshine their neighbors.

The man who lives in the public eye must expect sometimes to be under the lash.

It is because ignorance is bliss that courting is so much pleasure to young people.

A ring around the moon is a sign of rain, and a ring around the eye is a sign of a blow.

Dangerous Conditions in Europe.

It is not with the countries of the triple alliance that war or peace rests; it rests with Russia or France. The former is pushing her outposts persistently toward the Indian and Balkan borders. By doing so she alarms both England and Austria, and the wisest statesmen of Europe declare that in her eastward march Russia is only fulfilling her manifest destiny. With regard to France it is as certain as the ebb and flow of tides that she will reclaim Alsace and Lorraine if the time should come when she feels strong enough to successfully dispute with Germany their possession. For the present the voice of all is for peace, but such are the dangerous conditions of the European situation as to render war in the early future as much of a possibility as it appeared to be a fortnight ago.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

The Egotist.

Most men have hobbies—this one hooks, that hobby is himself.

But heaven protect us from the man whose

—[New York Press.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

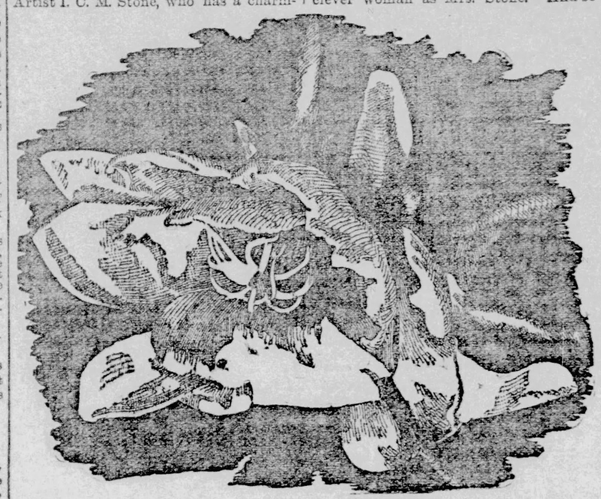
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHING.

Taking a Plate of a Night-Blooming Cereus—Photographer's Success.

One of those beautiful flowers which bloom only when the day god has been hidden away by the shades of night, and the stars peer out at the earth and moon, and then disappear before Aurora's rosy finger tips are yet upon the hilltops, has escaped becoming merely the memory of a fleeting hour. It has been preserved as one may preserve the face of some loved one, and as the years roll on it will insist on not being forgotten. To the ingeniousness of a woman and the photographic art it owes its preservation.

One evening very recently Photographic Artist I. C. M. Stone, who has a charm-



ing home at 133 52d street, Brooklyn, returned to it after his day's work in New York city, says the *Recorder*. He is the operator for Photographer G. G. Rockwood, but in his own home he has a little studio for experimental purposes, in which he spends many hours into the night. This particular Tuesday night he felt somewhat tired and had resolved on having a pleasant supper and a smoke in the big easy chair in the parlor, with never a thought of work or worldly cares. He rang the bell and his wife came along the hallway to greet him. "Oh," she exclaimed, before he had time to get a word ready upon his tongue, "I've quite a surprise for you. Mrs. Coates has been here with a beautiful flower, and you've got to photograph it for her."

"Nonsense; I cannot at this hour of the night. It is impossible. There is not an artificial light in the house."

"Oh, but you must," said Mrs. Stone, relentlessly, and she forthwith led him pot to the studio, but into the parlor. Directly he reached the apartment he fairly gasped with astonishment. In one corner sat Mrs. A. H. B. Coates, his next door neighbor, but it was not her presence caused his astonishment. On the table beneath the chandelier were piled up books and fancy boxes, and on the top of the pyramidal structure was balanced a tiny vase which held a solitary flower, the like of which few have seen. It was bell or cup-shaped. Its leaves were delicate and silken looking and of a brilliant yellow, with tips of purest white. The gaslight was full upon it, and as he gazed at the strangely beautiful thing he thought involuntarily of flowers of fairyland. Directly in front of the bloom Mr. Stone's camera had been fixed and focussed, and all that was left for him to do was to manipulate the plates. The flower had bloomed shortly before 8 o'clock, it would die after 12 o'clock, and it was now 9.

When a woman says "must" she means it, and there was no gainsaying such a clever woman as Mrs. Stone. And so Mr. Stone flung off his coat and got ready his plates. Then he fixed a small reflector above the gas jet so as to concentrate the light upon his strange subject. Another moment the plate is in the camera and all is ready. The picture of the night bloom is taken. Mr. Stone withdraws the plate, and in a safe light proceeds to examine it. Well, yes, there is a shadow there, a poor one, but still good enough to prompt him to try again. A new interest has been aroused in the artist, he sees the possibilities and is determined to succeed. He modifies the light, but fails again. Another change in the light takes place, and for the third time the artist tries. To his great joy there is at last a fairly good picture, and he has ascertained the power of his light.

The fatal hour of 12 was rapidly approaching, and with bated breath Mr. Stone placed the fourth plate in the camera. "One, two, three," strikes the clock on the mantel. It is the midnight hour, but neither the artist nor his wife nor their visitor hears the remaining strokes. He had succeeded in taking a perfect picture of the flower by gaslight.

LAKE NAVAL TREATY.

Our Lake Defenses and the Treaty with Great Britain.

We present to-day the treaty note of April 28, 1817, entered into between Great Britain and the United States respecting the naval force of each country on the American lakes. As will be seen by the text of the treaty note we are entitled to rob vessels on the chain of lakes. We have not lived up to the letter of the stipulations, for in 1842 the United States steamer Michigan was built at Pittsburg, Pa., carted over to Erie in wagons, where she was re-erected and launched in the following year, and in 1844 was put in commission. She is 683 tons displacement, which exceeds by 283 tons our tonnage allowance on the lakes, and carries four thirty-pounder breach-loading rifles—three three-inch howitzers and two Gatling guns, a much more formidable battery than provided for in the treaty note. From the fact that Great Britain made no protest against our putting the Michigan afloat in 1843, and that her armament has been changed two or three times since she has been commissioned, we infer she does not care much if we give the six months' notice provided for. The following is the treaty note in full:

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1817.—The undersigned, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, has the honor to acquaint Mr. Rush that having laid before His Majesty's government the correspondence which took place last year between the secretary of the department of State and the undersigned upon the subject of a proposal to reduce the naval force of the respective countries upon the American lakes, he has received the commands of his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, to acquaint the government of the United States that his Royal Highness is willing to accede to the proposition made to the undersigned by the secretary of the department of the United States in his note of the 23 of August last.

His royal highness, acting in the name and on the behalf of his majesty, agrees that the naval force to be maintained upon the American lakes by his majesty and the government of the United States shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side. That is:

On Lake Ontario to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen pound cannon.

On the upper lakes to two vessels not exceeding like burthen and armed with like force.

On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel, not exceeding like burthen and armed with like force.

And his royal highness agrees that all other armed vessels on these lakes shall be forwith dismantled, and that no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed.

His Royal Highness further agrees that if either party should hereafter be desirous of annulling this stipulation, and should give notice to that effect to the other party, it shall cease to be binding after the expiration of six months from the date of such notice.

The undersigned has it in command from His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, to acquaint the American government that His Royal Highness has issued orders to His Majesty's officers on the lakes directing that the naval force so to be limited shall be restricted to such services as will in no respect interfere with the proper duties of the armed vessels of the other party.

The undersigned has the honor to renew to Mr. Rush the assurances of his his highest consideration. CHARLES BAGOT.

On the 29th of April, 1817, the Hon. Richard Rush, then secretary of State, acknowledged the receipt of the note of the British Minister, and accepted the terms in the usual diplomatic language.

One thing seems to have been lost sight of, and that is when the enlargement of the Welland canal is completed this treaty note will cease to have any real restraining effect so far as Great Britain is concerned, while we are bound by the note still. She would not have to build a lake fleet, for she has plenty of available vessels on her light draft gun and torpedo boats. We must have this treaty note abrogated as it is tacitly unheeded, yet it is a stumbling block in the way of our naval militia reserve system, as well of our lake ship builders.

What He Feared.

"While I was in England," says one woman, "I was told of an American who on his first trip on an English railway quite held his breath at the rapid running. When his nervousness rather overcome him he approached the guard.

"'I say guard,' he ventured, 'this is pretty fast travelling for safety, isn't it?'

"'Oh, no sir,' replied the guard; 'we never run off the line here, sir.'

"'But said the Yankee quickly, resenting the patronage, 'it is not the line. I'm afraid of running off your confounded little island.'"—[New York Times.

The Awful Cost of War.

The wars of this century, counting only the large contests, cost nearly 5,000,000 human lives and the wars since 1830 cost $15,000,000,000. In the Franco-German war 290,000 men were killed, and the cost of the great fight of less than two years' duration was the enormous sum of $500,000,000. The Russo-Turkish war, from 1876 to 1877—the latest of the important contests—killed 180,000 men and cost $700,000,000. Our civil war killed 510,000 men and cost $1,400,000,000. —[Baltimore American.

Immortal.

First love will in the heart remain,
When its hopes are all gone by,
As frail old maidens still retain
The wrinkles when they dye.

—[Detroit Free Press.

They Will, They Will.

Two Philadelphia men are to marry each other's daughters. Each father-in-law should be a dutiful son-in-law to the other.—[New York Evening World.

HE SPONGES HIS WHISKY.

How an Adroit Old Toper Gets an Ample Side of Drinks for Nothing.

A tough looking toper sidled into a saloon on South Halsted street, near Harrison, the other night. He pulled from his pocket one of those round black pint bottles, says the Chicago *Herald* set it on the bar and said: Fill her up with whisky." The bartender filled it.

As he glanced at his customer's face he saw that it looked like desolated old fields that had been trenched and torn by floods of whisky for many years, and that the huge whiskers standing out from his nose suggested old dead trees from which the foliage had been stripped and the birds long since flown; so he kept his fingers wound round the bottle until the coin became visible.

The bottle-owner laid down a dime. "Oh, come off," hissed the rum-seller, "It's 25 cents."

"You know me," came back in a querulous tone. "Be a good fellow. That's all the money I've got, and I'm so dry that my tongue beats against my palate like the clapper in a bell, and as I walk along the street my bones crack in their sockets like heavy-laden, ungreased stone wagons, so loud that they actually awaken the sleeping policeman on the corner, who starts up, snores a curse or so and compels me to move on to the beat of some fellowr-sleeping bluebird. Give me that whisky for a dime."

"I will not," howled the bartender. "Then give me back my bottle," said the man with the barren-field face, as he clawed the dime back into his pocket. White Apron turned round hurriedly, angrily upended the bottle and let it dribble into a funnel, shoved out the bottle, took the bum by the shoulders and propelled him with the beoathed threat that if he ever put his hairy nose into the house again he would disarrange his neck-bone. But the man with the creaky joints and bell-clapper tongue stepped modestly into a side alley, pulled out an empty fruit can from an ash box and a small, well-worn stick from his pocket. He pressed the stick into the bottle and squeezed the sponge secreted there until a half pint of whisky dribbled out into the fruit can. This he drank at one long swig, patted his stomach as a fond parent would the head of a favorite child and murmured, speaking aloud either to the stomach, the silent big-eyed stars or the besponged bottle:

"We're all right. It never fails. That one dime will continue buying me whisky until the World's Fair comes, and by that time, at the rate my mental machinery works, there will probably be another idea due in my brain as to some new and unostentatious method of securing liquor at any and all hours."

THE WHISTLING BOY.

O'er the pavement comes the schoolboy, lips a-pucker, cheeks outblown,
Scraps of ancient tunes he whistles, little catches of his own;
For is it not vacation time, the greatest of all boons,
When he wanders like an Arab in the golden afternoons?
Whistle, whistle, how his treble through the varied bustle cleaves,
Drowning out the noisy chatter of the sparrows in the eaves;
Whistle, whistle, what a joyance as it echoes up the street,
I have heard in all my journeyings no music half so sweet;
For he whistles down the shadows that the jealous years have cast,
And in whistling off the present he has whistled up the past.
I have heard the blackbirds whistling on a swaying maple bough,
And have heard the plowmen whistle as they walk behind the plow;
I have heard the mournful meadow lark, whose whistle is a wail,
And well I know the whistle of the brown and bonny quail;
Yet none of these may enter in the city's gray walls,
Where the crash of wheels is constant and the yelling smoke appals.
But the trilling of the schoolboy seems to bring them back to me,
And I see an old red school house by a gnarled wild-cherry tree;
For his whistling tells of happiness unmixed with care's alloy,
And I'm told his shrilling, lilts I whistled when a boy.

"Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Laurie," "Yankee Doodle come to town,"
"Sailor's Hornpipe," "Old Dan Tucker," "Money Musk" and "Camperdown."
Why, I seem to smell the clover and the basswood buddings bright,
There's an old-worn path in mine distance and an orchard to the right,
And the pink-white apple blossoms nod this message from each bough:
"School is over for the summer; school is over, over, over now."
Whistle, whistle, they are coming, all my happy boyhood days,
With the sound of running waters, and the winding, wooded ways,
Whistle, whistle, now he ceases—and yon sun-shaft's amber gleam
Turns as gray and cold as winter—God have mercy, 'tis a dream.

—[Ernest McGaffey, in Independent.

Lots of Girls.

Jack Singleton—"I had a lovely time at Lonsomhurst."

Dick Doubleday—"I heard there was only one man there the whole season."

Jack Singleton—"That's right; I was the man."—[Puck.

A Reckless Man.

Mrs. Elderly (who is ugly)—It is not so long ago that a man almost committed a crime to please me.

Female Friend—What! Did he try to kiss you?—[Texas Siftings.

BIG-EYED TURKISH GIRLS

HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Turkish Hospitality—The Pleasant Side of Turkish Life—How the Women Violate the Law—Shaking Off the Trammels.

The pleasures of Turkish girls are extremely simple and limited. Shut out from that limitless world of entertainment which the literature of civilized countries opens up to the European child directly she can read, with the exception of festivals in the harem on red letter days her pleasures consist in an occasional picnic or accompanying her elders on the visits which occupy such a

YOUNG LADY AT HOME.

large portion of a Turkish lady's time. On household festivities or great religious feasts wealthy people will often organize entertainments on a very elaborate scale. Gipsy dancers or a troop of clowns with some sort of pantomime or show, are engaged for the occasion, and the neighbors, rich and poor, are invited to the performance. The Turks are exceedingly hospitable; a friend of the hostess is free to bring all her sisters and her cousins and her aunts, with their families, on such occasions.

These are high days for the Turkish girl—for her elders, too—though an English child of 10 or 12 would think the entertainments very poor performances indeed. The dances are at times rather graceful, and the way in which one is used to it—everything depends on your being used to it—is not always excruciating, says a writer in an English magazine; but the coarse, almost brutish humor of the pantomimes would be decidedly distasteful to a Western audience. A more pleasant side of Turkish girl life is that which may be seen any day in early summer at the Sweet Waters of Europe or some other favorite resort on the outskirts of Constantinople. The family will set out in the morning and, spreading their rugs in some field, spend the day there doing nothing, and apparently very contented with the occupation. The women squat on the ground with their feet under them in that peculiar

GIRL OF THE WEALTHY CLASS.

manner to which they are indebted for their bandy legs. It is not romantic, but truth compels me to state that all Turkish girls ultimately become bandy-legged; the fine, well-made women one occasionally sees in Stamboul are mostly Circassians. A few cakes and some rahat lakhoum, or other sweet, suffices for both young and old. A stranger is invariably struck with the preinaturely serious air that Turkish children wear. The elder girls do not play and run in the manner that English people expect of healthy children. They sit or stroll about, quietly and gravely, their yashmaks loosened and forming a snow-white framework which displays and vanishes Circassians. A few cakes and some rahat lakhoum, or other sweet, suffices for both young and old. A stranger is invariably struck with the preinaturely serious air that Turkish children wear. The elder girls do not play and run in the manner that English people expect of healthy children. They sit or stroll about, quietly and gravely, their yashmaks loosened and forming a snow-white framework which displays and vanishes their complexion, as yet unspoilt by paint and powder. On the approach of a man they will hastily draw down their yashmak, not so close, however, that the stranger cannot admire their face if he has a fancy for Turkish beauty, which, though in girls and young women sometimes very attractive, is too frequently of the half-bred Tartar type, lacking intelligence and refinement. The powers that be have been much exercised during several years at the growing depravity of Turkish girls, and a grand vizieral order, the successor of many others, was recently issued, warning all of whom it might concern of the penalties which would follow the continued violation of the laws. The harems which lead

TURKISH SERVANT GIRL.

the fashion had so metamorphosed the yashmak that it set off the features to considerable advantage instead of hiding them decorously. This was strictly prohibited, and the Turkish women were bidden, under pain of fine and imprisonment, to cover their faces decently, and not to parade the streets in a manner unbecoming to a Mohammedan. They listened and—disobeyed.

There are, however, a number of wealthy and powerful pashas, who, having shaken off the trammels of bigotry and prejudice, educate their children in as far as is practicable European fashion. These fathers send their sons abroad and provide capable foreign governesses for the girls. In such homes daughters, while occupants of the school room, are often encouraged not to neglect the muscular exercise, which is essential to healthiness of both mind and body. They walk, drive, and even ride over the paternal estates. Returning to Turkey, the boys are delighted to find their sisters sympathetic companions, and naturally seek to marry ladies of the same cultivated stamp, and so very slowly but surely the wall between harem and selamlik is being undermined.

A Lasting Matter.

The shoemaker sang as he hammered away,
So mortly on his old lapstone,
"My life is work, with but little play,
But I always can call my sole my own."

"Not always," his wife remarked in glee,
As she gave his witty remark a flout;
"For the iron oft pierces your sole, you see,
And what can you do when your sole pegs out?"

—[Indianapolis Journal.

Illiteracy in Louisiana.

Of the 870,226 children of school age in Louisiana only 80,000 attend the public schools, and many of those go for but one month.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Annie Besant's Idea on Theosophy —It Takes Plenty of Time.

In her last lecture Annie Besant said that theosophy was a science like other sciences, and that it could be judged only by those who had taken the trouble to master its principles. Persons who wished to form an opinion about it must condescend to pass through the initiatory stages. She said if persons could daily practice through thought transference by shutting themselves up alone and endeavoring to will a thought into the mind of sympathetic person at

ANNIE BESANT.

a distance, they would in six months or so be awarded with considerable success. They must be willing, said Mrs. Besant, to preserve even though they do not succeed at the proverbial "first time." Some people are naturally of weaker wills than others, and consequently it takes longer to be successful in a case of thought transference.

For the Blade

ALL IS WELL.

She passed away to that far-off land,
And the mists hung low ere she reached the strand;
But we knew that the boatman pale and cold,
Had ferried her straight to the gates of gold;
For above the sounds of the tolling bell,
Came the distant murmur, "All is well."

She passed away; and youth's bright bloom,
Was wrapped in the shadows of death's still gloom,
Ere the wrinkles furrowed her brow so white,
Or the silver lurked 'mid her tresses bright,
Oh her heart was pencilled with lines of care,
She left us alone in our sad despair.

She passed away; and our eyes grew dim,
As she clasped the hand of the boatman grim,
And fearlessly crossed on the surging tide,
To the shrouded land on the other side;
And over the waves that rose and fell,
Came wafted the message, "All is well."

She passed away, and returns no more,
Tho' the boat drifts ever, from shore to shore;
But we know we shall see her from afar,
When our boats drift on to the gates ajar:
And we hope the ripples will backward swell,
With the same sweet message, "All is well!"

Costello, Kans. MYRTLE MCKINNEY.

SARA ON SHIPBOARD.

Bernhardt's Experiences on the Mariposa—A Midocean Bath.

Something over a month ago Bernhardt and her company landed in San Francisco from the steamer Mariposa, of the Oceanic line, after an unusually long and stormy voyage from Australia. Some of the passengers on board the Mariposa tell pretty stories of the eccentric things which the remarkable woman persisted in doing during the voyage. On the third day out from Sydney the ship was in danger of foundering. One afternoon when great waves were breaking over the ship, Bernhardt came from her room attired in a loose white wrapper. For half an hour she clung to the rigging, her hair tossed by the gale and her clothing whipped by the wind about her limbs until she appeared to be attired in tights. Every great wave that dashed over the ship drenched her completely, but she actually screamed with delight. All nerves and emotion herself, she was intoxicated with the tumult of the elements in the midst of which she stood. It was only when the waves began to carry away boats and smash things generally that she could be persuaded to go to her cabin.

On the upper deck of the Mariposa they have a tank bath where such of the male passengers as desire may enjoy a plunge once a day. The bath is a real luxury in passing through the tropics, and the enthusiastic descriptions of it by members of her company so excited Bernhardt that she determined to enjoy it. Of course, Bernhardt's will was law on he Mariposa, and when she told Capt. Hayward that she was going into the plunge the next morning, the captain proceeded to make arrangements. Pieces of sail-cloth were stretched a short distance away from either end of the tank, extending from the rail to the deckhouses and screening the tank from view in all directions. The next morning the tank was was put in position and filled at daylight, an hour earlier than usual. Accompanied by her maid, Mme. Bernhardt stole around to the tank, and in a few minutes the deck fairly rang with her laughter. She splashed in the water like a porpoise and declared that she never had had so much fun. It was only by the most persistent coaxing that the maid could get her mistress to leave the tank in time to avoid being seen by the men as they came up for their dip. All this, of course, was "stuff" bathing. Bathing suits are a nuisance in that water, which is often as warm as 80° Fahrenheit. Because some of the unfeeling male passengers boasted of having seen Mme. Bernhardt enjoying her plunge, which reached her ears, she refused to go again, much as she had enjoyed it. As a matter of fact she was seen by no one but her maid, but she was heard by a number.

The Tiger in Sydney.

A deputation recently asked Sir Henry Parkes to suppress the Chinese gambling hells of Sydney, N. S. W. It was alleged that these places were nightly frequented by bank clerks, civil servants and others holding good social positions. One Chinese proprietor had admitted that he sent £30,000 annually to China in the shape of gambling profits. Furthermore, it was stated that the Chinese proprietors had a regularly organized "sutentation fund" for the benefit of the police, who gave them timely notice when a raid was in contemplation by the authorities. The premier promised to root out the evil.

Rights of Creditors in Canada.

It is legal in Canada to advertise the sale of an account against a delinquent debtor, no matter if it is done to injure the credit and reputation of the debtor. Justice Rose, of Kingston, Ont., has decided that an account against a debtor is the property of the creditor to dispose of as he pleases. If the creditor chooses to sell it and announces his intention of doing so in terms that imply that the debtor could pay the claim, the creditor does not exceed his legal rights, and the debtor has no legal redress for any injury such public notice may have caused him. —[Springfield Republican.

"To Broaden Him."

Humane nature crops out among divinity students as well as elsewhere. A student at the general theological seminary was given to theater going last winter. He explained his habit to his brother students by saying that he did it "to broaden him." When the students reassembled this fall he was asked what he had been doing during the vacation and replied, "Drinking ale," he replied, "and I have succeeded. I have gained 22 pounds."—[N. Y. Herald.

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EDUCATIONAL.

KEEPING ABREAST of the YOUNG PEOPLE

The Chautauqua Reading Circle is largely made up of parents who are reading for the sake of their children. They can not bear to permit that separation in tastes and sympathy which is inevitable, when young people are studying constantly and parents are mentally inactive. You can surely spare forty-five minutes during the day. A busy mother writes: "I gave up waiting for time, and took it." Next winter the Chautauqua Course includes American History, Government and Literature, subjects which appeal to all patriotic Americans. Begin to make up your minds now. Don't put the matter off. Write to the CHAUTAUQUA OFFICE, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

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HOME TALKS.

TO HELP WOMEN GET JUSTICE.

They Are in Response to the Law That Commands the Strong to Aid the Weak—There Should be a National Union.

"WHAT is the Protective Agency for Women, notices of which I have seen in the HOUSEHOLD?" writes a correspondent of THE BLADE.

I am glad to answer this question, for everybody, and especially every woman, should know that there is in existence some means by which the defenceless may be protected from the harpies who are ready to take from them their very means of existence in order to obtain a few dollars. It is the carrying out of the golden law, which demands that our neighbor's well-being shall be as sacred in our eyes as our own; that the rights of the stranger shall be regarded with the same interest, when they are imperilled, as those of our own loved ones would be. It is an outgrowth of the idea of the brotherhood of humanity, which is gaining in strength every day. It is something to be thankful for that this is true, for the greed of gain has grown to such overwhelming proportions as to threaten to overshadow every moral law.

The Protective Agency is an organization for the purpose of protecting from fraud the women who can not protect themselves. Often those who are dependent upon their daily labor for their bread, find their hard earnings held by unscrupulous employers, and no argument which they can bring to bear will suffice to obtain their due. Here is where the agency steps in, investigates the matter, and if the knowledge that the victimized women have some one to take their part does not compel disgorgement, the law is appealed to for the purpose. There are cases where women have almost paid for articles upon the instalment plan, and then sickness or misfortune causing a single omission, the property is seized and all that has been paid counts for nothing. There is no redress unless those who are stronger take up the matter and see that justice is done.

In Boston such an organization as this keeps itself thoroughly acquainted with the frauds that are constantly advertising, offering work to women to do at home at most remunerative prices. Generally, those most likely to be deceived live in the country. This Protective Union will answer any letter sent to them asking for information in regard to the reliability of these advertising firms. Women would do well before sending their money and spending their energies in the work given, to investigate the matter, and learn whether they are dealing with sharpers or honest, reliable men.

Let me give you a little idea of what was done by the organization in Chicago last year. I believe it was given by one of the officers of the agency who knew what she was talking about:

During the last year 1,614 cases have been entered on our books; of these 454 were for wages withheld and other debts, of which $8,709.80 was collected; the claims amounting to fifty dollars it receives respectful attention. Fifty-six were chattel mortgage claims, which resulted in the saving of many hundreds of dollars and preventing the breaking up of several families. There were twelve cases of criminal assault and several of abduction of young girls for immoral purposes.

The protective agency secured the first conviction of a man for inveigling girls into the notorious dens of the Wisconsin pineries; it has secured a law which curtails the power of the chattel mortgage fiend; working in conjunction with the Woman's Christian Temperance union and other organizations, it has succeeded in raising the age of consent in Illinois from 10 to 14, and in getting laws by which abduction cases, pervious character under 18 years of age, shall not be called in question and by which girls under 18 can be rescued from the dens into which they have been entrapped.

It is God's work truly, and there should be such an organization in every place of any size in the United States. The writer of the above says a union this is necessary in order that villains escaping from one city may be traced to another, making a national organization that would be most effective.

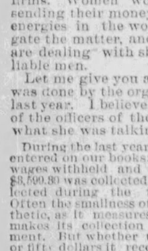
The women who have entered into this work are answering most effectually the question that the Father asks to-day as certainly as he did of old when the answer was "Am I my brother's keeper?" We *are* the keepers of those less fortunate than ourselves. Are our opportunities greater? Then also is our responsibility. There is no one, however small in influence, can escape this law. As Susan Coolidge writes:

Every smallest hand can lend some kind or helpful touch,
Lift the weight a little, and the many make the much.
Shared feasts are savory feasts, shared joys are best;
And the sharers and the shared with both alike are blest.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Conveniences.

III.



SPEAKING of the hall seat and box for rubbers, etc., mentioned in a recent number of the HOUSEHOLD, a correspondent suggests the addition of square cushions, to be placed at the back or ends of the seat. This would be a very desirable improvement. The cushions could be filled with hair or feathers, or anything preferred, and covered with the material of the seat cushion.

The same correspondent describes a "finish" for a corner on a stair landing, or in a room. It is a square box, of a convenient size and height, that can be easily made by any one who can saw a board and drive nails. A cushion of ticking filled with hair or feathers is fitted to the seat, and two large pillows to match, form the back. These may be held in place against the wall, by being suspended from small, ornamental brass nails. The whole is to be covered with any material you desire, and a plaited valance of the same is to be tacked upon the front of the seat. As will be seen, these may be made as gorgeous as one pleases, and if covered with some bright material, will brighten up a dark corner very effectually.

In a small bedroom an easel can, with the addition of a small, triangular table, both of which can be made by a carpenter at a very slight expense, be made to do duty for a dressing table. A mirror should be placed firmly upon the cross-bar that was intended to hold the picture. This can be made wide enough to hold small articles. The table should be placed directly under the mirror with the point fitted to the corner of the room. The table should then be covered with cambric, and then with muslin, cheese cloth, or any thin material, and the edge finished with lace, which can cost from five cents a yard to any price to correspond with the material of your cover. Or a crocheted lace can be made for this purpose that will look well, wear well, and cost nothing but the time used in making it, and a spool of cotton.

The easel should have a piece of wood about a foot long, fastened to the top, over which curtains to match the table draping should be hung. These can be looped back artistically and fastened with bows of ribbon. The pin cushion, hair receiver and hand glass can be hung on the pegs at the side of the easel, and all other toilet necessaries can be placed on the table. If you choose, an additional shelf can be added to the table, to hold shoe polish, and other things that you would need, but not wish to have on the top of the table. If this is done, drapery should be placed around the table also, which, when closed, will form a closet for these articles, and also add to the appearance of the table. Housekeepers who have been ingenious enough to contrive new conveniences will confer a favor upon the editor and the HOUSEHOLD generally, by sending a description of them for publication.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

BUREAU SET.—A beautiful one may be made of thin sheer muslin in this way: If the bureau has a flat top, cut a piece of the muslin long enough to cover it, then stamp upon a conventional pattern of wildroses, if it is a pink room, or nasturtiums, if it is a yellow room. Work these in silks, using a deep button-hole stitch for the outside of the flowers. Cover all of the plain part with cobweb etching with fine silk. Finish the edge with a hem and lace. Have a piece of silk or silesia, either white or a suitable color to just cover the top of the bureau under the muslin one. A square for the top of the pincushion should be made to match.

Another pretty way to make these covers is to get a thin material without stiffening and pull out threads in both directions, each third one being taken. This leaves it in small squares like canvas, upon which the design may be worked, rope linen or silk floss being used for the purpose. The work may be made all over or as a border.

A CONVENIENT BAG.—Get two colors of ribbon two inches in width and 30 inches in length, and have four lengths, two of each. Sew them together with the colors alternating. Then fold them after it is carefully pressed out, and join the sides to within two inches of the top. Cut the ends of each strip of ribbon to a point; then face these down with plain silk the color of one of the ribbons. Make a casing below the points through which a narrow ribbon that will pull both ways is run. Make small pockets of pieces of the ribbon to sew to the inside of the bag. They may be of different sizes to hold pins, needles, thimbles and scissors. If any one desires, pockets can also be made on the outside by passing a width of the ribbon lengthwise around the lower part of the bag, and tacking it at each width of ribbon to make it wide enough to hold a spool of thread easily. Full the pockets at the lower edge and sew rubber cord into a fine casing across the upper edge. This will hold the pockets firm.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration, No. 3," will help you in making your Christmas presents. Get one while they are going at 15 cents, by sending to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el en st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c f st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

The following is a corrected copy of a pattern given once, in which were several mistakes. If our correspondents care for these patterns we shall be glad to receive more of them from those who like to knit and chrochet.—ED.

QUILT PATTERN—Cast on 35 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—p 3—o—k 1—o—p 3—s 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over knitted one—k 11—n—p 3—o—k 1—o—p 3—k 3. 2d row—s 1—k 5—p 3—k 3—p 13—k 3—p 3—k 6. 3d row—s 1—k 2—p 3—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 3—s and b—k 9—n—p 3—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 3—k 3. 4th row—s 1—k 5—p 5—k 3—p 11—k 3—p 5—k 6. 5th row—s 1—k 2—p 3—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 3—s and b—k 7—n—p 3—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 3—k 3. 6th row—s 1—k 9—p 7—k 3—p 9—k 3—p 7—k 6. 7th row—s 1—k 3—p 3—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3—p 3—s and b—k 5—n—p 3—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3—p 3—k 3. 8th row—s 1—k 5—p 9—k 3—p 7—k 3—p 9—k 6. 9th row—s 1—k 2—p 3—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 4—p 3—s and b—k 3—n—p 3—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 4—p 3—k 3. 10th row—s 1—k 5—p 11—k 3—p 5—k 3—p 11—k 6. 11th row—s 1—k 2—p 3—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 5—p 3—s and b—k 1—n—p 3—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 5—p 3—k 3. 12th row—s 1—k 5—p 13—k 3—p 3—k 3—p 13—k 6. 13th row—s 1—k 2—p 3—k 6—o—k 1—o—k 6—p 3—s 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—p 3—k 6—o—k 1—o—k 6—p 3—k 3. 14th row—s 1—k 5—p 15—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 15—k 6. Repeat.—M. H. S.

Correspondence.

GOOD ADVICE TO HOME DRESS-MAKERS.—Let me give a little advice to any one who wishes to make their dresses at home. Go to some dress-maker and have her cut and fit a basque lining and sleeve. Have her cut it out just right under the arm and at the neck. Get some sheets of brown wrapping paper, carefully rip out one front, pin it to the paper firmly; unthread your machine and let out the stitch. Now stich very carefully just where it was basted. Then cut the paper out around the lining. Do this by each piece until one-half of the waist has been cut out, one sleeve, and the collar. (I neglected to mention having her cut and fit a stand-up and a rolling collar).

Now, when you wish to cut a basque, lay your paper upon your lining, pin into place, cut out, and then stitch as before, being careful to exactly follow the tracing in the pattern. (I like the stitching better than a tracing wheel, as the latter is liable to shove the pattern out of place a little). Now lay your linings upon your goods, cutting each piece double if possible, as it saves time. Lay all pieces on before cutting any of them. This saves cloth. Pin the linings to the goods and cut out. Now lay the pieces, lining side up, upon a bare table or board, and baste along the tracings, using a long stitch (an inch or shorter) upon the lining side and a short one upon the other. Do not hold the work up to bast this way, but let it lay upon the hand so as not to get out of place. When all pieces are thus basted together the garment is ready to baste. Begin with the fronts first. Slash the darts up through the center within an inch and a half of the top. (If they are left whole a waist cannot fit.) Place together and hold so the two rows of bastings come together. This insures even seams, and in a short time will come easy. Always begin at the top of a seam to baste. Any change of fit should be at once marked upon the pattern, and in a short time you will be able to cut and make a basque and never try it on until it is done.

Be sure to mark just where the sleeve is to go in, and if it is to be gathered, cut a notch where they begin and end, and mark upon the pattern how long the gathered space is to be.

It is a little work at first, but lessens the time of home dressmaking in the future.

By all means have a pattern bag nailed to your closet door. Take a strip of cloth as long as the door is wide and two feet and a half wide; hem the sides; fold to form a foot deep pocket. Stitch this like a knife case only about three or more (according to the patterns), inches wide. Roll the patterns and slip into the pockets. Try this.—JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

I wish to say how much obliged I am to the ladies who have sent me so many recipes and so much good advice, and I hope they will always find friends when they need them. We are poor folks, and I have never had much of a chance to learn how to do as other people do, but I have used most of these recipes, and we have lived so much better that my husband says he will make a garden next year, so that we can have more to do with. He thinks we had better not go to Iowa, for if the farmers there are as smart as their daughters seem to be we should not stand any kind of a chance with them. To all who have written so kindly, I say "thank you." You cannot tell how much good your sympathy has done me, besides the help I have had from the recipes.—FARMER'S WIFE.

I live in Southern California, have been here six years this fall. We think it one of the finest climates in the world. My husband runs a hay press and I believe in helping him all that I can, so I go with him and cook for the workmen. We have a small house on wheels, so that I can live at home. I use tin dishes altogether. I bought a lot of tinware for this purpose. I enjoy camping out real well and have two children with me who enjoy it better than elsewhere.—MRS. J. R. REDDY.

A word to mothers: If you will tear the bands to the children's drawers crosswise of the cloth, and then make the button-holes straight up and down, instead of lengthwise, of the band, they will wear much longer. Then when the drawers are worn out rip off the bands and lay away for use on another pair. I always make good, strong button-holes and one band sometimes lasts to do service for three or four pairs of drawers. It may appear of small importance, but it will save making new button-holes every time, and even so small an item as that counts when one is busy.—TIGER LILY.

I to, should like to hear what, in the sisters' opinions, are the most essential points of a Christian character. I am a church member and attend divine services when I can; but I don't think God expects me to neglect my family, or risk my health to drive four miles in a hard snow storm to church, though I have some neighbors who consider it my duty to do so. I think God, who is a just God, will judge rightly; and if the sick need care, the poor need clothing, a supper is to be prepared for missionaries, Cleopatra is generally on hand. I can dance and play cards, but I don't believe in church members doing either, as I think we can put our time to better use, and it is certainly looked at as an evil, and casts reflections on our church. I would like to hear from some one on good housekeeping, hired girls, etc.

I wish some one would tell how to make different kinds of fancy work with melon seeds; and do all the sisters know if they scald their peaches the skin will peal off easily and save much time when you are putting up a quantity?—CLEOPATRA.

To wash Brussels carpet, beat out the dust, lay a breadth of the carpet over a table and scrub with hot water, soap and a brush. Dip into warm water to rinse, and if possible lay wrong side up on the grass to dry. If faded, paint over with a solution of the diamond dyes in the original colors.

A friend renewed some very antique pieces of wool work that were very much soiled and faded by first washing them and then, while still a little damp, she painted over the flowers in their natural colors with a hot solution of various colored diamond dyes, using a small camel's hair brush. They look like new, and are now doing duty as divan pillows. Old velvet, tapestry or Brussels rugs can be treated in the same way, as can the old fashioned "drawn" rugs that we used to make in the provinces. Of late years the rug-makers have used the above dyes in preference to the old-fashioned preparations. —JEAN HUNT.

I think, with Miss Bouton, that we need a change in the social laws which govern the young girls and boys of today; indeed, we must have a change, but how are we to accomplish it? So many people seem blind to the fact that any evil may come to their children from this state of things, that it seems almost impossible to effect any change.

Unless we can in some way or other impress upon the minds of the parents of these children that their own children may be the first to fall before the temptations which thus surround them every where, there cannot be much change effected in the habits of the young people. Although good home teachings keep some of these children within the boundary of moral habits, I have known it to prove a failure in many cases where young boys and girls are allowed the freedom in life which belongs only to their elders; that children must be kept in children's places, seems the only sure way to keep them from harm. Let us work on with a firm and earnest purpose for the end we wish to accomplish; right will always gain the day, although sometimes it takes a long and bitter struggle.—ALICE.

After weary weeks of warfare with bedbugs in an old house. I have found something that has given us several nights of undisturbed rest, so I hasten to impart my knowledge to the rest who may be so afflicted. To each bed I took 1 qt of gasoline and while still damp, rubbed insect powder on it, left beds a little distance from wall, and put a row of powder around the base boards, the bugs would not cross it, and we could feel that we had come off conquerors.—MRS. O. E.

Inquiries.

Will some one send some tried recipes for wedding cakes, specially bride's cake? Will Miss Bouton please tell me on which finger an engagement ring should be worn?—ZEPHER.

The engagement ring used to be worn on the first finger of the left hand, but fashion now decrees that it shall be placed upon the third finger, where after marriage it can be worn as a guard to the wedding ring.—ED.

Will the lady who stated that Burdock seed was a purifier of the blood inform us how to extract the seed from the burrs, and the amount of water and seed to use?—MRS. I. P. L.

Will some one give a recipe for a chestnut cake? Also, will some one give all the terms used in crocheting? not like they are in the BLADE every week, but tell what is a s. c., or d. c. c. d., how many times the thread is thrown around the hook, and all about these terms?—A NEW BEGINNER.

Will some one send receipe for lamoge? I can do the work but have not the recipe.

Can some one tell me where I can obtain the lustra paints?—CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Will Frances Howard please inform me where I can get the carbon transfer paper she speaks of?—LUCY SHEPARD.

You can obtain it at any art store or, possibly, at a book store.—ED.

Would like to know where I can get some crochet tidy patterns.

Would like to know what makes the top of the stove turn red and scale off?—CLARA POWERS.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. C. A. H.:—Scald your seed beans with water, nearly boiling. Pour it over them and let it stand about half a minute. It will not get in to the heart, but will kill the egg. I have used a rag well soaked in lamp oil, but this has to be repeated once a month, and is much more trouble.—M. E. SAMSLE.

Mrs. W. R. Howe and Effie:—To destroy all kinds of ants, bedbugs and roaches, get five cents worth of the common yellow insect power from a druggist. Scatter it over the bedsteads, around the walls, in every crack and over the pantry shelves; let it lay for a week, then sweep off. I tried it and did not have to repeat it.—MRS. H. G. C.

Mrs. W. R. Howe:—Cockroaches can be effectually disposed of by sprinkling equal parts of ground red pepper and borax in the places they infest.—MRS. MCK.

Mrs. Ferris asks for instructions for cultivating dewberries. I have found by sad experience that most dewberries are worthless,. First, get from some one, genuine Lucretia dewberry plants. In good rich soil, not too heavily manured, place them in rows five or six feet apart, and three or four feet apart in the rows. As soon as the young shoots are twenty or thirty inches long, cut them off to sixteen or eighteen inches, and keep them there. To do this, you will have to cut them often during the growing season. Cultivate often, but never deep. Late in the fall (to keep off sun's rays) cover with rye or wheat straw; take this off in spring and place it under vines to protect berries from getting soiled. If propagation is desired, let the vines have free growth. The tips will root in the fall. These may be taken up in the spring and placed where wanted; but be sure to cut off all of these propagating vines to within eighteen inches of parent root, and two or three inches of new plant. To show what can be done with Lucretia dewberries, I will give this year's results on fifty 3-year-old plants: From 50 plants I picked 130 quarts, at 10 cents, $13. As I have them set 3x5 feet, it would require 2,904 plants per acre, at 26 cents each, $755.04 per acre. Who can beat it?—J. J. AMBLE.

Mrs. W. R. Howe wishes to know "What is good for large black ants that comes on her pantry shelves." Those that come to my pantry seem to relish apple sauce, and apple butter best of anything. Give them all they want of that, it will be "good" for them.—MRS. L. A. MCL.

"Subscriber?"—Your chickens, I think, have bronchitis. In severe cases give 1 gr. calomel, ½ gr. tartar emetic. Strip a feather to within one-half inch of the end, and swab the throat thoroughly with powdered borax, and let the fowl drink of the following: ¼ oz. chloride of of potassium in 2 qts. of soft water. Your hen coops are likely too damp. Give them dry quarters and good ventilation, and I think there will be no more of it. I cure mine by this treatment alone.—E. P. W.

Recipes.

COLD CATSUP.—½ peck of ripe tomatoes, cut fine; 1 teacupful of onions, cut fine; 1 teacupful nasturtium seeds, cut fine; 1 teacupful of grated horseradish; 2 red peppers, chopped fine; 3 large stocks celery, chopped fine; 1 teacupful whole mustard seed; ½ teacupful salt; 1 large tablespoonful each, of black pepper, cloves, mace and cinnamon; 1 qt. of vinegar. This needs no cooking.—WINTERSET.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.—To 9 lbs. of fine clingstone peaches, peeled, take 1 qt. of vinegar; 1 oz. each of allspice, spice cloves, cinnamon bark, cinnamon, ground, and mace, and 3 lbs. of sugar. Peel peaches and pack in a jar; mix ingredients together and let come to a boil and pour over peaches while hot. Do this for nine mornings, bringing the syrup to a boil each time. The longer they stand the better, but are good in three weeks.—M. J. G.

GINGER POUND CAKE.—4 eggs; 1½ cupfuls sugar; 1 cupful molasses; 1 tablespoonful ginger; 1 teaspoonful soda; 3 cupfuls flour. Bake in shallow pans for half an hour.

ROLLED JELLY CAKE.—4 eggs; 1 cupful sugar; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 1 tablespoonful cold water; and 1 cupful flour.

WHITE CAKE.—Whites of 3 eggs; 2 cupfuls sugar; ½ cupful butter; 3 cupfuls flour; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 1 cupful sweet milk.—ELSIE MAUDE.

REMEDY FOR CABBAGE WORMS.—After a hard rain, or while the dew is upon them, sprinkle a little less than a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur over the middle of each cabbage head. One such application sufficed to rid my plants of the pest, although they were covered with them.—MRS. J. P. LOGAN.

"Farmer's Wife" try this:—Make a good biscuit dough, roll ½ inch thick, spread with butter, sugar and cinnamon. Cook dried apples, mash fine, spread on the dough, sprinkle with sugar, roll up and bake. Eat with cream.

DRIED APPLE PIE.—Put apples in warm water and soak over night; in the morning chop them up, stew in a small amount of water, add a sliced lemon and sugar to taste, cook half an hour, make into pies and bake.

CAKE.—1 egg, 1 cupful rich cream or sweet milk, 1 cupful sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; flour to make stiff. Bake in gem pans, or in layers. Put jelly between or make in three layers. In the center layer put spices and a cupful of raisins. If milk is used, add some butter. I make doughnuts the same way, only do not make it so rich. My dear "Farmer's Wife," if you haven't these things, sell butter and eggs, as I do, and get them.—KANSAS.

CHILI SAUCE.—Slice 18 ripe tomatoes; chop 1 large, green pepper and 4 small onions; cook for ½ hour, then strain through a seive, or colander that is fine enough to retain the skins and seeds. To the juice and pulp, add 2 tablespoonfuls of salt; ¼ cupful of sugar; 2 cupfuls of vinegar and 1 teaspoonful of each kind of spice desired, and cook until of the right consistency. Bottle, seal and set away in a dark place until needed.—CHICAGO.

The Great Benefit

Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

When Dress Reform May Come.

A New York woman tells the *Ledger* that there will be no genuine dress reform until men are brought to an appreciation of it. She finds that "men are foolishly sensitive about the appearance of the women they take out, and you must educate them before you can ever hope to reform the attire of womankind. Until the lords of creation are taught to praise reform dress you may meet, and converse, and debate world without end, but you will never make out anything, even though Chautauqua may plant and Parnes Village may water, and Kate Field and all of the rest, with their cohorts, wheel into line of battle and fight ever so valiantly in the good cause."

For the lip there is no brightness,
For the teeth there is no whiteness,
Where SOZODONT has got no place;
But those who use it, know full well,
How bright and beautiful the spell
It throws o'er man or woman's face.

True to Her Sex.

Ranchero—"I can tell you, we see some mighty funny sights out West. Before I left a woman was arrested for poisoning her husband and several small children. She was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step. Before the black cap was drawn over her head, the sheriff asked her if there was any last word——" "Listener—"Well?" Ranchero —"She hadn't finished when I moved away."—[Life.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.

SOME LITERARY GOSSIP

ANDREW LANG AND OTHER WRITERS

Tello d'Apery, the Boy Editor—The Attraction of Aspiration—About Sara Jeannette Duncan.

MR. ANDREW LANG receives a severe mauling by Mr. Harte in the Dodsley's Corner of the *New England Magazine*, and there is no doubt much of it is deserved. He accuses Mr. Lang of spreading himself all over the world, and having so much space to cover, the result is a decidedly thin coating. Comparing him to W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, the latter, he says, has always something to say and something about which he is in earnest, and his style is that of force and conviction, while "the greater part o Mr. Lang's work is mere fribble—prettily put together if you like, but fribble—and unless he checks his fatal facility for writing about everything he will be one day discovered."

Mr. Lang is not the only writer of which this is true. In fact most people, whether story-writers, essayists or journalists, write too much to be able to give the best of themselves to the public. It comes from various causes. If the popular taste is pleased in any way, there is instantly a demand for more. That means money to the writer, and just as much as he can produce matter in columns or pages. It does not matter for the time whether he has anything to say or not, whether there are new ideas expressed, or a re-hash of old ones, if the well known name is attached, it will be read with avidity. Of course the time will come when the public will no longer be deceived. Any one who has watched the literary market for the last few years will recall instances of this kind, and they are multiplying more rapidly now than ever before. There are more books, more newspapers, and the money god is potential, a combination of circumstances that stimulates production, and causes a large amount of shoddy literary work, just as the same things do with the material things of life.

THE number of writers who do good work multiplies so rapidly that it is impossible to hold them in the memory, even when they have done what entitles them to warm consideration. I was reading the other day something of the author of "A Woman's Trip to Alaska," and was interested in her personality. She is Mrs. S. M. Collis and lives in New York city, where she is recognized as a very beautiful woman, with splendid dark eyes, an oval face set in waves of black hair, and an almost faultlessly graceful figure.

Mrs. Collis was born in Charleston, S. C., but the family removed to Philadelphia when she was quite young. There she received the finest advantages in an educational way, and became conversant with Italian, German, French, Hebrew and Spanish. Her reading is extensive, for though she occupies a fine social position, she does not allow the claims of society to monopolize her time, to the exclusion of the work which she likes to do.

Mrs. Collis has two sons and a married daughter, although she looks more like an elder sister than the mother.

ONE of the interesting characters in New York is Tello d'Apery, the boy editor. This little lad, now but fourteen years old, started a paper some years ago, and the singular part of it is that he seemed to possess intuitively the most acute editorial judgment. He sent copies everywhere, setting forth what he designed to do in the clearest language. The journal was to be kept up in its every department so as to make it worth the reading, and the proceeds were to be devoted to charity. His ideas have always worked admirably. He would send a copy of his paper and a request for contributions to people in the highest positions, and the very novelty and surprise of the thing would bring a reply, so that, it is said, he has more articles from great personages than all the leading magazines put together. Social leaders in the metropolis took him up and made a pet of him; their children wrote articles for him, and he was always in demand at fairs and receptions.

Now, however, I hear that Tello's health has failed and the doctor has ordered him into the country, where he is to be kept at school and in quiet. Once a month he is to go to the city and remain three days in order to get out his paper. By and by he is to go abroad and gain the kind of education that travel gives. Whether he will retain the exceptional characteristics which will set him apart from among men as he is set apart from boys, remains to be seen, but he is certainly a phenomenal lad.

ONE of the best, of the always good, issues of the "White Cross Library," is the October number, entitled "The Attraction of Aspiration." The reader who reads understandingly can hardly fail to gather strength for the everyday living; and that is what we need. Great emergencies often develop in us what is necessary to tide them over, but it is the day-by-day pin-pricks which overcome and make us irritable and despondent. This self-control cannot be reached in an instant. "You ask," says the author, "why even in solitude, you cannot maintain a certain evenness and serenity of mind of which you realize sufficient to long for?" In reply, he says: "Certain habits of thought can not be otherwise than gradually removed. So with certain habits of body consequent on such habits of thought, such as the habit of hurry, the habit of worry, the habit of laying undue stress on things not the most needful for the home; the habit of trouble-borrowing and many others, which permeate and influence every act of life. Their combined effect is exhaustion, and exhaustion is the real mother of most of the ills flesh is heir to. Whatever exhausts the body, be the motive for effort good or ill, benevolence or selfishness, lessens the power to resist the many causes for pain and consequent depression of spirits."

The author goes on to show how all this may be relieved, not suddenly, but gradually and surely. It is worth careful reading and after-meditation.

The White Cross Library pamphlets are published by F. J. Needham, 52 West 14th St., New York City.

BOTH the *Book Buyer* and *Book News* for October seem to be moved in the same direction, as their monthly portrait and sketch is of Sara Jeannette Duncan, a young lady whose fine *spirituelle* face as shown, attracts quite as strongly as do her bright and entertaining books. Her literary career, we are told, commenced with newspaper work, and she has been upon various papers, first as correspondent, and finally as editorial writer upon the Washington *Post*. The editor of the latter paper often gave her copy a vigorous slashing which, no doubt, was a matter of keen mortification to the young and Field and all of the rest, with their cohorts, wheel into line of battle and fight ever so valiantly in the good cause."

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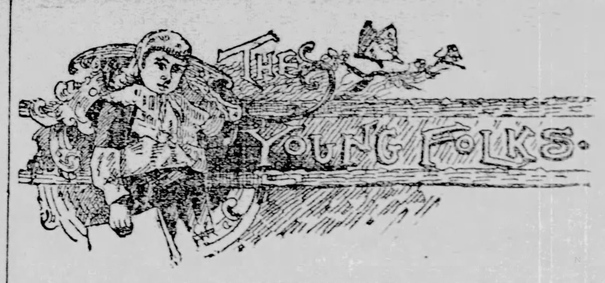
Miss Duncan was born in Brantford, Ontario, and was educated there. Her father is a merchant, and a man of intelligence and culture. From her mother, who is Irish, she inherits her quick wit and keen sense of humor.

At Calcutta during her travels, Miss Duncan met Mr. E. C. Cotes, a gentleman who has a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian museum there, and whom she has since married. Her home is now in that city.

Happy indeed are the homes which contain "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.



THREE TREES.

A RUSTIC BALLAD.

The pine-tree grew in the wood,
Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak-tree stood in the field.
Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
It gave a home to the birds.
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple-tree grew by the wall,
Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, for "the wood!
Come, live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
And tall and straight will you stand."
And he swings his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins around.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I wean her the lightning-stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill."

And the apple-tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit as it drooped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,
And he said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their Master's will.

So a ship of the oak was sent
Far over the ocean blue,
And the pine was the mast that bent
As over the waves it flew,
And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now the farmer grows like the oak,
And the townsman is proud and tall
And the city and field are full of folk—
But the Lord has need of all.
And who will be like the apple tree
That fed the starving over the sea?
—[Charles H. Crandall, in St. Nicholas.

ANARTIS'S STUDIO.

Who Loves and Paints Cats and Dogs.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

So saying he left me. While he is gone I will try to describe his country studio. It is a great square room open to the roof—not unlike a church. The walls are of a soft gray color, and when you examine them closely you find they are covered with burlaps canvas. There is a dado of prettily grained chestnut which runs all around the room, neither stained nor varnished. On the north side of the room is a great high studio window, and near this window a large fireplace to burn wood, for sometimes heavy sea-fogs roll in even in summer, and then a wood fire is agreeable. Over about one-half of the studio is a gallery open on the front with the exception of a railing or balustrade. The artist jokingly calls this his "minstrel gallery," for it is not unlike some of the galleries found in the banqueting halls of the old palaces of Europe, where the musicians sat to play or sing while the guests ate. In fact I don't think this studio would have been built as it is if Mr. Dolph had not seen abroad some of these same banqueting halls.

The whole room reminds you of them—the high walls, the pointed roof, the gallery, and the great fireplace. Artists are more fortunate than most folks in that they not only go about the world considerably, but as they are always looking for things to put into their pictures, they see many beatiful things which ordinary travelers do not, and they remember them better, and make them a part of their lives. There is very little furniture in this great room; the old carved cabinet on top of which pussy used to sleep, a few plain, comfortable chairs, some easels, and one or two tables. For the intention of the artist is to have this a direct contrast to his studio; to have this one as simple as the other is rich—for here he does not paint pictures, but makes sketches to work up in the city into pictures. And the puppies and kittens may roll about and play as much as they please, and enjoy themselves to their heart's content. Tacked upon the burlap-covered walls are some of these sketches; a great Flemish horse, painted with a vigor which would surprise those who know Mr. Dolph's work only by his carefully finished pictures of cats and dogs; a bit of sea-shore with breaking waves and the figures of a Breton fish-wife and her husband in the foreground,—a note of real sunshine and light,—and several clever landscape studies in which the somber-toned twisted cedars of the neighborhood seem to have been the reason for their being painted. But the kittens and the puppies are in the majority here. They are in all sorts of odd positions and doing I don't know how many queer things. Here are two in the position of dancers, and comical enough they are. Here is another, a charcoal sketch of a mother cat watching a fly which has been tormenting her and which she has tried so many times to catch that she has given up in despair. A sleepy, contented old cat with one eye open, watching her three well-grown babies, who are having a good time playing on a cushion. A very quick and rough sketch of a kitten on her back, all round full of nervous action, as you have often seen a little pussy when you have dangled the end of a string for her to catch. A nearly finished picture of five beagle puppies, two in a basket and three which have slopped over—such limp, hopeless, helpless little puppies that one feels sorry that their mother is not at home to look after them. Such a variety of cats and puppies and horses and beautiful setter dogs, and all so true to nature that one wonders at the talent and industry of the artist. But the door has opened once more, and the artist says, "Looking at my sketches? There is not much for you to see here. All these things are, as you see, unfinished. Like the puppies, do you? They belong to a neighbor of mine. It is not often that one gets such young puppies to paint, but they are much easier to do than kittens, they keep much stiller. I think it will make a good thing when finished. I shall call it 'Why doesn't mother come home?' How did I get those dancing kittens to keep in that position long enough to sketch them? Oh, that's one of the tricks of the trade. I got my wife to dangle a piece of string soaked in milk just high enough above their heads to make them stretch out for it. I had a notion of painting a picture which I should call 'When the mice are away the cat's will play,' just ringing a change on the old proverb. Oh, my wife and I have to resort to all kinds of tricks to pose the kittens as I want them, and kittens can't be photographed. They are too quick in their motions. One must watch and study them closely, and draw largely from memory. Now here is a group of fine kittens, one on the edge of a basket, you see, and others in different attitudes on an old rug. Does it look as if the group might have been photographed just as it is? Well, this is how such a picture is made. I first sketch in all the group from pure imagination, composing them, as artists say, making many rough pencil sketches until I get a group that looks real and life-like. Then each kitten is drawn singly. The one on the edge of the basket I got by putting a caterpillar in front of her on the floor, and sketched her as she watched it crawl. The one with a good deal of white on her was watching a toad which I had caught for the purpose, and trying to make up her mind not to be too much scared at it.

"The one next to her, my wife was amusing with one of those toy dogs they were selling about the street last winter, which jump when you press a rubber ball held in your hand. And the one nearest her is the kitten of which I made many sketches while she was playing with a ball of yarn. I think I shall get a title for this picture by letting the kitten in the basket say: 'You make so much noise I can't sleep.' I find it a little more difficult, I think, to find satisfactory names for my pictures than to paint them.

"You are surprised that you don't see any sketches of Angoras? Ah, they are the noblest and most beautiful of all cats, but they are hard to get and expensive. I brought two from Paris the last time I went abroad. One was a chef, I think, by some one who mistook him in the bushes for a skunk; and the other, 'Josephine,' we called her, grew so tyrannical and overbearing that it was hard to do anything with her. She would eat only such delicacies as were hard to get in a country place like this, and would not be kept in o' nights. She was the most intrepid huntress, would come home at times lugging after her a rabbit as large almost as herself, and would make almost as much noise at night as a brass band at a circus.

"The neighbors complained so much of her that we decided to keep her indoors, but she soon discovered our intention, and when shutting-up time came she could not be found, and a fruitless search would be made. Not a sign of her could be seen, not a s

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

JERRY IN OHIO,

Mills Will Have an Assistant in the Once Sockless Statesman, Erstwhile Lake Captain, and Toledo Sailor.

TIFFIN, O., Oct. 7.—With both hands in his overcoat pocket, his small feet pressing the brick walk with the daintiness of a dude, his head covered with a soft crumpled hat, and his eyes hidden by gold-rimmed glasses, Jerry Simpson did not look at the late hour of 11:30 last night like a farmer, nor yet a statesman. It was his first night in Ohio as a political orator. He had come from the plains of Kansas, where the very earth had been

JERRY SIMPSON.

bent by the weight of the crops, and where for a month he had been making speeches to the "poor" Kansas farmer. He was now in Ohio to cry calamity, and wail over the wrongs done everybody in general.

Jerry had on his socks this time. The joke has played out, though he used a pair which he said he had received through the postoffice last night, in his speech. His voice, since he has become a speaker, has softened a little. The harsh, grating sound which he was wont to use when he cried out to the lubber before the mast, "Abaft there, you ——— ———!" has become mellowed by the refining influences of a $5,000 a year seinary as congressman. But he still retains an extended vocabulary of large natural cuss words, which may be a legacy of the time when he would only employ "scab" labor on the vessels he sailed out of Toledo. For Jerry is a child of the roaring deep. Years ago he trod the schooner's deck and gazed upon the broad blue of Erie and Huron. He said so last night. Perhaps that gave him the little roll he has when he walks, though it might have been obtained on the sea of Kansas prarie.

Yesterday he opened his campaign in Ohio. He will make several speeches, leaving the state to her own destruction and McKinley on the 17th of October. He is here to defeat Major McKinley if he can. He has no particular object otherwise. The People's party in the state cuts such a small figure that he can hope to go no farther than to make votes for Campbell. This is the scheme now. Doc. Barnes, the double-barreled, steel-plated chairman of the People's Party Central committee, admits it, and Miller Purvis, ex-state organizer of the Alliance, says Campbell's election is their only end now. Jerry last night frequently mentioned McKinley, but not a word had he to say of the miserable work Campbell has made in Ohio. And so Jerry has come to Ohio to aid the scheme.

Standing with his hands in his coat pocket on Washington street, the shimmer of his gold-rimmed glasses in the electric light concealed his eyes as he talked for a few minutes on various topics.

"You're from the Toledo BLADE? Oh! I used to know the town well. Sailed a schooner out of there some years ago for Curtis & Brainard. Haven't been there for a good while though."

"They say up there you fought the sailors' union."

"Do they. Well, I don't know as I fought it, but it would take too long to tell the reason for our differences on the union question."

"How many votes will your party cast in Ohio?

"Oh, I can't tell; I am just in the state and don't know. I think the result here is shrouded in doubt. There are several elements which make it so. I don't thing any man can properly give an estimate. I am surprised at the little interest taken here. To-night I only had a small audience. I am used to speaking to ten or twenty thousand people out in Kansas, where everybody goes to a political meeting. I have been speaking in Kansas for several weeks, and stay here until the 17th in this state. I go to Monroville to-morrow, then to Norwalk and Sandusky and other places in Northwestern Ohio. I tell you the change of sentiment is great in this country," he branched off. "We are breaking up the solid South; have already broken it, in fact. Why down in Arkansas in Washington county, the banner Democratic county in the state, they held a delegate convention and all but three voted to leave the Democratic party. Up north we are tearing up the Republican party just the same. Kansas never can be secured by the Republicans again. I don't know about Ohio or what we can do here."

"You will have a candidate in the field for president in '92."

"Yes, sir. Oh yes, yes, yes. Of course. Bound to."

"Who?"

"Can't tell."

"Peffer?"

Here Jerry hesitated and turned his shimmering glasses away from the light, then glanced at his small No. 6 Kangaroo 87 shoes.

"No, I think not. It will be a farmer."

"Simpson?"

But he ignored the question, and looked at his fine shoes once more.

"Weaver, of Iowa, seems to be uppermost in the minds of the people thinking of a candidate. But then it's too early, too blanked early to talk about candidates. If a man shows signs of leadership, he will be the man if the people think they can trust him."

"How is the Blaine sentiment out West?"

"I consider James G. Blaine the greatest American" as Jerry dug his toes into the crack in the pavement, and knocked a piece out of his Cinderella-like shoe, "and the Kansas Republicans are all for him, and a right smart of other Republicans feel the same way."

"Do you expect to win the legislature in Ohio?"

"Of course not win it. As I said before, we can't tell. I can't tell what is going to happen in Ohio, everything is mixed up so politically, and the Australian ballot too. I am in favor of that sort of a billot. It is going to be all right after one election."

"The Alliance still clings to its subtreasury-loan scheme, does it?"

"Despite the fruitless efforts of President Hall, of the Missouri state Alliance, to make out that the idea of the farmers borowing money from Uncle Sam was likely to injure the Alliance, we intend to make that one of the fathers in our scalp-lock ornament as we sail down the line to victory. The sub-treasury plan is to the Alliance just what the New Testament is to the Christian religion.

"What about the plate?"

"The plate issue is a snare and a delusion. The tin mines in this country are all owned by British capitalists and the protection."

"Do you agree with Campbell on silver?"

"It was a foolish thing in the Democrats to make this an issue. Suppose we have sixty million dollars added to our circulation, that will only be one dollar more per capita, when the amount by reason of the increase in the volume of business is alone five times that amount."

"Do you think the monetary system of the country is radically wrong?"

"I most certainly think it is radically wrong," was the emphatic reply. "The law gives national banks the privilege of issuing money, and thus the products of toil are filtered through these banks, giving them the power to levy a tax upon them in the shape of exhorbitant interest. And another thing that prevents reform is the inability of members of either party to separate the abstract money value of a circulating medium from its commodity value."

"Then what is your remedy?"

"Since it is the law, which in reality gives to money its money function, I would have the government issue all the money without the intervention of banks or other speculators. It would not be gold or silver either, but paper. I hold with Jefferson and Calhoun, that it is wrong to charge the people with government credit when it could be extended to them for nothing. Yes, I believe in the 2 per cent loan and the sub-treasury scheme—in fact I stand on the Ocala platform with both feet, square toed, and all the time, world without end, amen."

"As to tariff?"

"We are going to battle on a free trade platform. This country don't want protection. The Ohio fight is on that question. McKinley is very strong in Ohio, but the Alliance will work to defeat him. Senator Sherman will undoubtedly be laid upon the shelf. If the Republican candidate for governor is defeated, the Alliance will most certainly demand and receive the right to name a United States Senator. See, that will be another man to sit beside Peffer."

Jerry then swept out into the broad sea of tariff and free trade and aired the views which were given him when a boy in Canada. His British ideas are of the London *Times* sort, and he is a believer in absolute free trade, a Henry George theorist, and has some striking views as to taxation.

"This is a nice night," he said finally, "but it is going to rain," and saying good night he turned and walked toward his hotel.

Jerry did not come to Ohio alone on his mission as a free trade stool pigeon, but was accompanied by H. E. Taubenecke, chairman of the national committee of the People's party, and these two, chaperoned by Doc Barnes, J. Taylor Martin, and a few others of Seneca county's eminent statesmen, went to the little village of Bloomville, where for three long hours they fretted the ambient air and tired the few scores of curicurious spectators assembled with a repetition of the mournful song that Seitz has been singing since the days of George Julien and Brick Pomeroy. Greenbacker ideas were made to live again, and grim skeletons of the past donned a fleshy form once more.

YOUNG MR. BLAINE

Files an Answer in his Wife's Suit for Divorce and Demands the Custody of the Child.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Oct. 7.—The answer in the famous divorce suit of Marie Nevins Blaine vs. James G. Blaine, Jr., was served upon Mrs. Blaine yesterday. She asks for a decree of divorce and custody of the child and for suitable alimony. Mr. Blaine in his reply denies that he deserted his wife but claims that she deserted him.

He pleads poverty and urges that he has an income of but $2,000 a year which will cease the first of December next. He makes a plea for the custody of the child. There will probably be a hard fight for the child who resembles his grandfather.

BOTH BISHOPS WERE ACQUITTED.

Messrs. Bowman and Esher Exonerated by the Conference.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 8.—The committee of fifteen appointed to examine into and report upon the charges against Bishops Bowman and Esher, of the German Evangelical Alliance, presented a report to the conference in session here, completely exonerating the two dignitaries named. The committee's report found that the trial and acquittal of Bishops Bowman and Esher by the Lerch committee, in 1889, was in strict accord with the discipline of the church; that it was held in absolute good faith; that the three elders examining them had jurisdiction of the subject matter, and their findings were a final and conclusive adjudication of the matter; that the notice published in the official church papers in February, 1890, by the Lerch committee, concerning their examination and findings, did of itself give due notice of their findings, and the entire church was bound thereby.

The committee finds that the subsequent proceedings against Bishop Esher, culminating in his suspension, were the result of gross fraud and a deliberate scheme to ruin the bishop's usefulness in the church. The reports were unimously adopted and confirmed.

HAD A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

Rough Weather Encountered on the Atlantic by the City of Paris.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The steamship City of Paris, of the Inman line, arrived here to-day after a tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic. She had head winds and seas all the way over, the wind blowing a gale most of the time.

On Tuesday morning the steamer encountered a hurricane which blew with terrific force and raised a sea that caused the ship to pitch and roll heavily. Her engines were slowed down for a while, the big steamer rolling in the trough of the sea.

A big wave came aboard and threw John Tucker, the boatswain, against the steel deckhouse, breaking two of his ribs. Several other members of the crew received contusions by being thrown against the bulkheads, but only the boatswain was seriously injured.

At one period of the storm, one of the engines running the dynamo was disabled, and another of the four small engines which are used only for working the lighting apparatus was connected. For a minute or so this caused the lights on board to go out, and scared some of the more timid passengers. Captain Watkins, however, says that the passengers behaved well, and there was no panic.

Among those on the steamer were Fred S. Winston, of Chicago, and Mr. Fowler, the English expert, employed by the Breweries' syndicate.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO'S TRIBUTE.

Grant's Monument Unveiled Before a Vast Throng in the Great Western City.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—A giant hero in the sky—that was what, suddenly outlined against the heavens through the smoke and roar of artillery, the huge bronze statue of Gen. Grant looked to-day to nearly a hundred thousand people on the shore and ships at the long beach on Lincoln park. High in the air, topping a hill, gay bunting surmounting a massive pedestal of granite, had been quickly withdrawn disclosing as if by magic the "Old Commander," in magnificent proportions, scores of bands at the instant crashing forth the "Star Spangled Banner," troops upon troops presenting arms, the mighty assemblage in the background, almost as far as the eye could reach, bursting into a cheer, reverberating like the surf in a storm, while out on Lake Michigan, through a tangle of masts and flags and shrieking whistles, thundered the deafening boom of a Presidential salute.

It was the unveiling of the tribute of the West—largest and, perhaps, most artistic equestrian statue ever made in America.

The great silent figure of Grant, firm in saddle, looking across the broad expanse of waves, seemed for a minute as if he were again in life, and, heedless of the excited throng about him, was scanning the horizon for enemies of the land which, in God's providence, he had been called to majestically defend. The enormous crowd, unnoticed though it appeared that one moment, formed, nevertheless,

An Extraordinary Pageant,

Including in its marvelous bulk and brilliant array not only high civil and military dignitaries of the nation, state and city, but those also gathered from far and near, who were closest to the general personally—the wife who stood by him for years, and the veterans of his original regiment, the famous old Twenty-first Illinois, with the identical colors unfurled at his first headquarters tent.

The Orator of the Day

was worthy of the occasion, distinguished like his subject in camp and council, the

THE CHICAGO GRANT MONUMENT.

stalwart-looking soldier-jurist, General Walter Q. Gresham, judge of the United States Court of Appeals. A hush fell on the thousands as Judge Gresham stepped forward to the edge of the platform erected at the base of the monument. At this juncture the spectacle in its magnitude and picturesque consequences reminded one of

Some Vast Conception

of Gustav Dore. On either side, in tiers, behind the speaker distinguished guests to the number of 500 had been given places, among them were Mrs. Grant, the cynosure of thousands of eyes.

Massed to the front of the platform and to to the immediate right and left in one immense solid square leaving no vacant inch of drive way or grass were close upon 20,000 uniformed men—glittering infantry, cavalry and artillery, both regulars and militia, grizzled veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, bright-plumed Knights of Pythias and seemingly countless similar organizations. Back of all these, separated on one side by the narrow but mile-long lagoon, or regatta-course, there swarmed over the wide, far-stretching stone beach and esplanade to the water's edge a veritable locust-cloud of the general public—old men and young, women and children—everyone intent on the proceedings as if their lives depended on the outcome. Beyond these could be seen, in

Leviathan Evolution

through the choppy waves of an imposing flotilla of nearly 200 vessels. Three abreast as the order in marine parlance. From bow to stem, up over the mast tops there hung a line of fluttering flags. On the inside next to the shore the tugs, small yachts and little passenger steamers were ranged. Next the United States steamer Michigan, in the lead, were the other armed government craft, the Johnson from Milwaukee, and the beautiful Fessenden, of Detroit. Then came the sturdy Chicago fireboats and the great lake carriers, mammoth puffing black-hulled liners and the graceful white schooners breasting forward like harbingers of peace.

At a prearranged signal Miss Mrya Strong, daughter of the late Gen. W. E. Strong, loosed the cord binding the bunting that concealed the 18-foot bronze horse and rider on the great pile of stone, and as every curve of the steed and soldier stood out, and the stern face of the dead sprang into view, the great plaudit and salute arose that was American from the heart.

When the last rumble of the last gun ceased Hon. W. C. Goudy, as president of the Lincoln Park commissioners, made a graceful speech of acceptance, and Mayor Hempstead Washburn accepted the monument on the part of the citizens of Chicago.

Judge Walter Q. Gresham's address was the feature of the day. Although the preceding speeches had been long, scarcely a man of all the multitude had left the vicinity of the platform, and when the great jurist arose, he was greeted by an audience such as is rarely looked upon by a public speaker.

JUDGE GRESHAM'S SPEECH.

Masterly Address at the Unveiling of the Chicago Grant Monument.

Judge Gresham said among other things:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is hardly necessary on this occasion to enter upon any minute account of the life and deeds of the man to whose memory this beautiful statue has been erected. They are part of the history of our country, and in the minds of the people are as familiar as household words. Wherever its history is read, in whatever nook and corner of the habitable globe, there exists an intelligent interest in the strength and perpetuity of our institutions, the name and fame of the illustrious soldier, who was at once their product and their preserver, have preceded aught that may now be said of him. In this audience, at the metropolis of the state in whose borders the war found him poor and ob-

scure, and gave him an opportunity for a career, are many who knew him intimately, and there are few incidents of his public or private life that are unknown to them. But without dwelling indiscriminately on the mass of biographical details, there are some of them which are entitled to our special attention and will bear frequent repetition, because they serve to illustrate personal characteristics which made him, in many respects, an ideal citizen of our democratic republic, and are worthy of constant emulation. Many of these traits of character are strictly individual, and are interesting only because they belong to a striking and distinguished personality, while there are others that have special qualities, who were opposed to us." "I should like to see impartial history written," he also said: "Such history will do full credit to the courage, endurance and soldierly ability of the American citizen, no matter what section of the country he hails from, or in what ranks he fought." The failure of the Southern people was not due to any lack of courage or persistence, or leadership in the field, but it was the inevitable result of their having undertaken an impossible task. It is natural that men who were capable of such an effort should be cement d together in bonds of sympathy and friendship, and so long as they are loyal to the flag of the Union, brave and generous men will not censure them for cherishing an affectionate regard for one another, and for strewing flowers on the graves of their fallen comrades.

As he became conscious of his powers he relied with unshaken confidence upon his own judgment. He held few if any councils of war. He succeeded in great emergencies by his native strength of will and intellect and his resolute mastery of circumstances, more by nothing and better versed in military science, but with less natural capacity, would have failed. What they were obliged to learn, he seemed to know intuitively. He disregarded elementary maxims of war, without hesitation, when they were plainly the outgrowth of conditions radically different from those which confronted him. He was equal to any command or emergency. But there was no affectation of dash or brilliancy about his movements. The boldest of his campaigns and battles were not determined upon without deliberation, and an intelligent comprehension of the obstacles in his path and the means at command for overcoming them. And having once entered upon the execution of his plans, reverses which would have discouraged less resolute and far-sighted men never impaired his confidence in ultimate success, or disqualified him for seizing upon unexpected advantages and profiting by them. Obstacles which seemed insurmountable to others only served to inspire him with determination to overcome them. "Peril strengthened his resolution and brightened his intellect." He saw facts and situations as they really were and acted with reference to them as realities. Napoleon may have been more active and brilliant, but if he had been endowed with judgment as strong and unerring he would never have ventured upon the disastrous Russian campaign. With a definite end always in view, and without wavering or vacillation, and ever ready, with large resources, to adjust his plans to any change of circumstances, Grant pressed determinedly to an invariably successful termination. He never lost the fruits of victory through inactivity. The final movement on Vicksburg was begun at a time when many patriotic people in the North were losing confidence in the ability of the government to suppress the rebellion by arms, and some of them were ready to terminate the flow of blood, and the lavish expenditure of money, by compromise. Voluntary enlistments had nearly ceased.

Although educated at West Point, he was not a professional soldier. Instead of liking war, he abhorred it as the greatest of human calamities, and his temperament inclined to peace. He engaged in our last war because he recognized it was the only means of maintaining the Union and securing unbroken peace. It was a cause for which he was willing to make any sacrifice, even life itself. He could not have left in any war of aggression or conquest. Nor he was the friend and benefactor, rather than an oppressor or destroyer of the people. Ambition never stifled his sense of duty or blighted his truth and justice, or tarnished his name with acts of cruelty or tyranny. None welcomed the return of peace with more cordiality, and none saw the quiet disbanding of his army of bronzed and hardened veterans, and their resumption of peaceful pursuits, with emotions of greater pleasure when the struggle was over. He did not believe that because military force had saved the Union it was a proper instrument of government in time of peace. In his last days, while bearing with serenity and fortitude the tortures of an incurable disease, on Mount McGregor, he gave his life a final retrospect, and it was the reunion of the warring sections under the old flag, that gave him the greatest satisfaction, and enabled him to close his eyes for the sleep of death with the comforting reflection that his work had been well done and would outlive him.

The monument before us is dedicated to the illustrious general of our armies, rather than to the chief magistrate of our republic, and it is therefore meet that my address should dwell more on his military than on his civic life. Whatever may have been his merits, or his defects as Chief Executive, he was unquestionably our greatest soldier, and his matchless achievements in the field and their influence upon the fate of his country amply justify this beautiful testimony. So long as love of liberty and equality and admiration for heroic deeds and unselfish patriotism last, the memory of Grant will be venerated.

The vast majority of people are patriotic and sound to the core, and this is their main stay and chief dependence. Our confidence in their steady and unfaltering love of country, which is indifferent about any show of itself, and speaks only in its acts, will never be misplaced. It was this sort of patriotism that was personified in Grant.

YELLOW FEVER IN HAYTI.

Ships Delayed in Port by Sickness Among the Seamen.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—It is reported in this city that yellow fever is raging at Gonaives and small seaport towns in Hayti, and that shipping is being delayed considerably by ships' crews at those ports being attacked with the malady. The British brig Georgia, which sailed from Aux Cayes some days ago, is now at Gonaives without a crew. The fever showed itself among the men when they were less than 24 hours out at sea, they were unable to navigate the ship. A harbor was made with difficulty. There was no hospital at Gonaives where accommodations could be had for the men, and it was found necessary to remove them to Kingston, Jamica, for treatment.

Among the regular vessels which leave this port for Haytian ports and touch at the places reported to be infected with the fever are those of the Atlas line and the Royal Dutch West Indian mail service. Their agents to-day denied all knowledge of prevalence of the disease.

McKINLEY-CAMPAELL.

Great Joint Debate Held at Ada, O., Between the two Prominent Candidates for Governor—Story of the Great Event.

ADA, O., Oct. 8.—(Special.)—Tin cans, tin badges, tin fans, lithographs of McKinley, besides photographs of Campbell; red badges, white badges, blue badges—they are all here to-day. The music of the brass band, hired by the Republican committee, is mingled with the noise produced by the Democratic band. The party lines are drawn taut, but they are lines of friendship. Ada, the little town which is known principally by its normal school, never saw such a day. Hereafter, everything in the town will be dated from "the McKinley-Campbell joint debate." It is the political debate of the year; it might be truly said, the event of the decade. Joint debates have fallen into a sort of desuetude of late. Ohio remembers the Foraker-Hoadly contest, but it was nothing to this. A nation is waiting for the outcome, and to-day Ada is the center around which the political world revolves.

Not since the time when Douglas and Lincoln went throughout Illinois, and Lincoln enunciated these great truths, which live to this day—that a nation could not live half slave and half free, that there was an irrepressible conflict—not since that time has there been an event like this. The townspeople seem to realize it. They have been as elaborate as they possibly could be. There is the usual flags and bunting, arches on the main street with "welcome" in large black letters, standing out boldly and defiantly, greets the incoming farmer in his wagon and the politician who has arrived by train.

It was a little after 11 o'clock when the smoke from a locomotive away down the Pennsylvania track was seen, and the crowd massed around the platform. "McKinley's coming!" "It's McKinley!" the crowd shouted. The major stepped from the rear car while the crowd shouted itself hoarse. The major bowed his thanks, smiled, and escorted by Rev. Mr. Campbell and Editor Frease of the Canton *Repository*, made his way through the great assemblage, passed through the depot and entered a carriage. Two long lines of the Normal cadets on either side kept the throng back. The company came to a present, and the carriage drove away to Prof. Lehr's house amid more cheers.

THE DEBATE AT THE GROUNDS.

Thousands of Listeners Under the Great Flapping Canvass.

FAIR GROUNDS, ADA, O., Oct. 8.—A white flapping canvass cover stretched on a wire and held up by poles shielded the crowd from the rays of the sun, if there had been any, but owing to the clouds that came up to noon, the bright orb had very little to do with the meeting at the fair grounds.

Long before the time came for the debate to begin, the stream of people had filled the grand stand and the space under the white cotton cloth and spread out on the boards scattered six hundred feet beyond. It was a crowd the like of which Ada had never seen. There were seats for 8,000 people and every seat was occupied, and a few stood in the grassy field which stretched away for half a mile to the track and stable.

The brass band's breezy play did not break upon the air for some time, and the strains were first heard as the procession bringing Major McKinley and Governor Campbell came into view on the outskirts of the village. The speakers' stand made an L with the grand stand and was protected from the wind by more cotton cloth made in American mills.

On the platform were many local politicians and most of the faculty of the Normal school, which did hold a session to-day. Hon. Bellamy Storer, Hon. E. A. Poe, Ed. Finley, Representative Taylor and a few others had chairs on the rough old planking.

A salute of seventeen guns fired from small cannon belonging to the Normal University of Ada, under the command of Lieut. J. H. H. Pershine, of the U. S. N., filled the crowd with enthusiasm and their eyes with smoke. Two carriages, one with Major McKinley, the other with Governor Campbell, came into view and

The Crowd Went Wild.

The cheers filled the air as the major and the governor stepped upon the platform. They sat with hats and overcoats on and Major McKinley put on his spectacles, and looked at a letter which he took from his pocket. The crowd howled itself hoarse, yelling for somebody up in front to sit down, and then a suppressed silence came, broken now and then by the hum of voices.

Pictures of Campbell and McKinley were placed on opposite sides of the speakers' stand. Rev. Z. B. Campbell, who was decided upon to preside in place of H. S. Lehr, whose duties as host had been very exacting, asked the crowd to sit down, and the multitude

Began Yelling Again.

Chairman Campbell began his speech by saying that the two great political parties had decided to hold a joint debate, and in their wisdom had chosen Ada. He asked for order by all present, and wanted the meeting a complete success. The order of business said that Chairman Van Fleet would introduce Governor McCampbell. Mr. Van Fleet came to the front and two people clapped hands as an elderly man rose, but that wasn't Van Fleet. He waited until a band on the outskirts blew out a piece it had been wound up on, and couldn't stop until the D. C. ended.

Mr. Van Fleet, mayor of Kenton, made a speech filled with wonderful metaphor and

Horrible Hyperbole.

He said that lots had been cast and the opening speech chosen for Campbell. Mr. Van Fleet made a break which was cheered by the multitude when he called Major McKinley Governor McKinley.

There were a few cheers when Campbell arose and peeled off his overcoat for the opening round. He began in a low voice. He said that the time was so short that he would make no introductory remarks. He said he had not time to tell the story of that monster called protection which subsists on the working men and the farmer. We are here to-day to protest against the crime committed in the name of protection."

"We are reaching the condition predicted by Abraham Lincoln," the governor said, after which he quoted concerning corporations and the money power. He quoted a part of Ben Butterworth's speech. The number of people who own their own homes had fallen proportionately from three-eighths to one-eighth. How long will it take for it to go to one-thousandth?

"Major McKinley said when nominated for Congress that, should his bill pass the Senate, there would be a boom. Where is that boom?" I pause for reply. Major McKinley smiled. "With immense crops, we farmers—Major McKinley and I are both farmers—but our competition won't ruin the business. There is only one thing, the hand of Providence, that has helped us out. The cause for this lack of prosperity is that we are paying too much taxes, now the tariff is a tax." He said that he would quote from Major McKinley, who had in May said in Philadelphia that the tariff was a tax on foreign goods and manufacturers. Governor Campbell then went on to show to his own satisfaction that the consumer paid the tax, citing the case of Brown vs. State of Maryland, and Campbell said that the decision was that the consumer paid it.

Just then the Brice club banner fell over the charts. "Please don't cover up my charts with Brice's picture. Brice is all right, but I want to give this lesson," and the democracy cheered Calvin and Campbell. The Governor talked plate glass and glass products. "Last year we imported $140,000 worth of plate glass and the duty was more than the cost of the glass," he said. He cited pearl buttons, and asked if the consumer or the foreign manufacturer paid the duty. Then he began on tin, and gave figures as to what the Standard oil company had paid out as a duty on tin. He went into some details in tin; $200,000,000 were paid into custom houses in this country and this burden of taxation, he said, was paid by the American people. He said that Mr. Mills, an expert on that question, said that over a billion dollars had been paid by the people to the protected manufacturers. How long, oh, Lord! how long shall this upbuilding of manufacturers go on?"

"Always," said a voice in the audience. Campbell then took up specific articles and talked prices to the close of the debate.

When it was finished it was the general opinion that he had made

A Weak Speech.

Even his greatest admirers were surprised at his failure to do what they had anticipated, demolish with sarcasm the Republican platform. Though it all Major McKinley smiled now and then, and used a pencil to make a note at frequent intervals.

McKinley Begins.

Col. J. C. Howe, of Kenton, commander of the Second regiment, was introduced by Chairman E. Z. Campbell, and made a brief introductory speech before Maj. McKinley stepped to the front to answer the calamity wail of Governor Campbell. A suppressed silence followed for a minute or so after the cheers died away and the major began in a strong clear voice to answer the weak argument of the governor.

After the Speeches.

It was fully 5 o'clock Thursday night when Gov. Campbell gave his parting bow and stepped back upon the platform, closing the Ada joint debate and ending the event in politics of 1891. The crowd was already leaving. It took but a few minutes to empty the plank seats and grand stand. Flapping canvas and all the trappery was left to silence and the elements. The wagons of the farmers rattled away toward home, and after a little marching by clubs, a little more tooting of the brass bands, a processional march through the streets, with the candidates in carriages, the trains pulled out and took with them the people. The acres of corn fodder with leaves rustling in the breeze to-day are almost as noisy as are the Ada streets. The students may pore over Latin and geometry in peace and restful quiet, undisturbed for years by any such enthusiastic noises as filled the air and stirred the ozone yesterday. The innumerable restaurants and peanut venders, the fakir with badges, the club man with his linen duster and cane, has gone to conquer new worlds, and march in other streets and at other meetings. Ada's debate, printed in the newspapers, it seems like a success. But with the excitement and noise, the hurry and bustle, taken away—with that element eliminated, there is much of seeming and little of reality in the occasion. Daily Major McKinley has been speaking to just such crowds, as massed and jammed and thronged into the little Hardin county village. The enthusiasm has run just as high, the plaudits have been just as great, the results accruing greater in number. Ada, approachable by only one railroad, was an unfortunate place to hold a meeting of such great moment. But now that it is over, vain regret will not count, and the people are only desirous of knowing who was in the lead; who displayed the greatest debating power—in a word, who won?

The answer might be questioned, if in a newspaper which advocates the principles of any one party. But a calm survey of the contest, a view of the wounded and dead after the conflict, can give but one opinion. Campbell talks to galleries, McKinley to thinkers down stairs; Campbell is a master at tickling a crowd, at all those petty devices to amuse for the moment. His debating is the bubble on the stream, the straw on the river, the momentary ebulition of a shallow pan heated over a red-hot fire, seen a moment, then to evaporate and disappear. Deep logic, uncontrovertible proofs, evidence to substantiate statement had no part with him.

Major McKinley has still further proved himself to be a master in oratory, skilful in argument, and logical in his reply to a man who plied all the arts of the demagogue to catch the multitude. He was never for a moment demagogical in his arraignment of the Democratic party on the tariff question, but discussed principles with a feeling which few men who have seen Major McKinley on the floor of the House of Representatives, or in his public speeches in different campaigns, ever saw him display. He seemed to realize fully that he stood as the representative of the right side of a great issue and he spoke for the side with the enthusiasm which the moment inspired. It was no petty pan ebullition of eloquence, it was too deep for that. Throughout all the days that have passed since the joint debate was announced, the Democratic press, has been proclaiming that while Major McKinley was the far more finished orator, he was no match for Campbell when speaking from the same platform. But all this has been changed. The Ada debate has settled the question. Major McKinley used none of the juggling tricks of the buncombe dispenser, but with convincing logic crushed the house in the sand which Campbell had erected in his opening speech. Campbell spoke to the few Democrats seated around in front of him; Major McKinley spoke to the people of Ohio and the United States and to the nations beyond the ocean. The long wail of calamity, repeated over and over, of ills supposed for past, present and future, was the burden of Campbell's speech. It seemed to go on the hypothesis that America and Americans were dependent for all their goods on Europe; that the importer was the friend of the poor and it was only the tariff which prevented him from being a philanthropist. He spoke for the importer, who is in almost every instance a foreigner, and whose only hope is in breaking down American industries and opening a wider, broader market for foreign products. Campbell wailed over the alleged decline of the foreign commerce of the country. Major McKinley dmolished this at one blow. He showed that the commerce of the Pennsylvania railroad alone during the year was greater than that of England in all her ships bottom. "The home market is the great market" was the keynote, and cheers came from Democrats and Republicans alike when the Major made this reply, and then proceeded by figures to show that the internal commerce of this country was greater than the combined foreign commerce of England, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Austro-Hungary combined. It was a point which sank deep into the minds of the assembled multitude and they will remember it. It was only one point of a hundred made by the major. At every minute during his address he was master of the situation and he retained it to the end, and Governor Campbell's closing speech punctured it no more than the small cannon balls of the war ship Minnesota did the steel armor of the ram Merrimac in '62.

Whether or not the debate made one vote either way is a question, but two points have been settled. One, that Governor Campbell is no match for Major McKinley; the other that the tariff has swept everything else before the voters of Ohio, into the background. Tariff and tariff alone was talked by Governor Campbell. Major McKinley touched on silver, elaborated it, in fact, on the question, and showed that Campbell had thrice voted against free and unlimited coinage in the House of Representatives. But the governor did not reply, nor say one word about finance.

Governor Campbell stands on dangerous ground always. His record has not been such in Congress that he can talk earnestly or honestly against a protective tariff, since he himself was known as a protection Democrat in Congress, and against free coinage and the silver schemes of mine barons in the West. He "chanced" the platform adopted at Cleveland, let him stand the consequences of his own inconsistent record.

THE OCALA PLATFORM ENDORSED.

Significant Action by the Farmers' Alliance in Michigan.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 9.—At yesterday's meeting of the State Farmers' Alliance the following resolution was adopted without a dissenting voice:

Resolved, That we, the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, of the state of Michigan, heartily endorse the Ocala platform, and further declare to the oppressed toilers of America that we are unyielding in favor of independent political action as outlined at the Cincinnati conference.

Nondescript Election in Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 9.—The Reformed Democratic ticket was elected in the city election, yesterday, over the regular Democratic ticket, by majorities ranging from 1,000 to 3,000. George B. Guild, who was elected mayor, led the ticket. He is an old Confederate soldier. There was no Republican ticket. This city is overwhelmingly Democratic.

DR. A. OWEN.

THE
OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES,

CURE ACUTE, CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES WITHOUT THE USE OF DRUGS OR MEDICINES.

(Notice our address, street and number, following testimonials.)

FIRST—The (only) Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co., is incorporated under the Laws of the State of Illinois, with a cash capital of $50,000.00. President, Dr. A. Owen; Treasurer, S. M. Owen; Secretary, C. H. Meigs. The Main Office, Head Salesrooms, and only Factory, is located at 191-193 State Street, Chicago, Ills., with a branch office at 826 Broadway, New York City. We are in no way responsible for representations of agents or any other persons selling goods of our manufacture, or making contracts for advertising in our name. Customers purchasing from either of the above offices may rely on whatever representations are made.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE
IS BEST EVIDENCE
OF WHAT CAN BE DONE.

Don't Take ANY Substitute.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT IS THE BEST!

RESCUED FROM A LIVING DEATH.

Restored to Health from the Verge of Insanity.

DR. A. OWEN, Chicago. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 8, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—What some mortals suffer is more than tongue or pen can tell. One must experience it to know it, and that is what I have done. From the very border of insanity I am restored, and am now about like the most of mankind. Life is no longer a burden to me, and your Electric Belt is without doubt the cause of it. I have of late had some pain around my heart and lower part of left lung, but the belt is a cure for that too. Doctor, I have reason to be thankful for what your belt has done for me.

Yours truly, L. C. RASMUSSEN, 86 Howard St.

SCIATIC RHEUMATISM CURED.

A Statement Under Oath.

DR. A. OWEN, WHITEHALL, N. Y., March 12, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—About one year ago I called at your office. At that time I had been suffering for about five months from a severe attack of Sciatic Rheumatism. When I visited your office I was compelled to pull myself up the banisters of the stairs, being unable to walk. After wearing your pocket's Gents' Belt for six or eight times, I commenced to experience relief, and from that time on I continued to improve rapidly, and after wearing the belt for one month, I was completely cured of my terrible suffering from Sciatic Rheumatism. I had also been suffering for years with severe pains in my back and kidneys and could get no relief. Since I have used your Belt, it has put a stop to all of my back troubles. I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Owen's Electric Belts to all who are suffering or are afflicted as I was.

Yours truly, SYLVESTER MAHAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of March, 1891, at Whitehall, N. Y.

NOTARIAL SEAL. THOS. A. PATERSON, Notary Public.

HUSBAND AND WIFE---(Both Were Sick).

"Throw Physic to the Dogs"--Now Enjoying Good Health.
READ WHAT DID IT.

ARGYLE, Lafayette Co., Wis., Aug. 24, '91.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO., Chicago.

GENTLEMEN:—I feel it my duty to tell you what the No. 4 Belt, which I purchased from you about a year ago has done for me. At that time I considered it as a last resort in the effort to regain my health. I was troubled with Dyspepsia, Nervousness and Urinary Troubles. I was so low that I could not work, eat, drink, nor sleep more than half of the night. I had been doctoring with different physicians, with some relief at first but at last they did me no good, and the more medicine I took the worse I got. Just as soon as I began to wear the belt I began to get better sleep, my appetite came back, and now I must

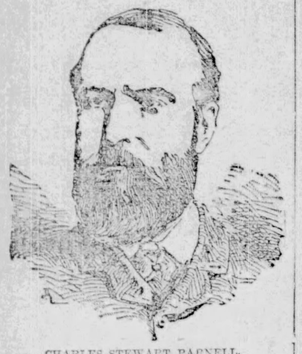
PARNELL IS DEAD.

The Irish Leader Succumbs to a Chill, and Dies in the Arms of His Wife—England and Ireland Startled.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—Great Britain and Ireland were startled this morning by the utterly unlooked-for announcement that Charles Stewart Parnell, the noted Irish leader, died suddenly yesterday evening at his home in Brighton.

It has been well known that Mr. Parnell has not enjoyed the best of health for years past, and it has been noticed and widely commented upon that since the O'Shea divorce developments became a matter of public notoriety, and since political trouble came upon him, that the great Irish member of parliament had grown thinner, and that he had perceptibly aged in appearance; but nobody expected to hear of his death, and no inkling as to his illness had reached the newspapers.

Only at this hour (1 p. m.) has it been possible to obtain details in regard to the



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

death of Mr. Parnell. He died at his home, Walsingham terrace, Brighton, at 11:30 yesterday evening.

His death is said to have been indirectly due to a chill which he caught last week, and which at first was not regarded as being of a serious nature. Mr. Parnell, however, grew worse, and a physician was called in with the result that the patient was ordered to make like to his bed. This was on Friday last, and from that time Mr. Parnell lost strength and finally succumbed. The exact nature of the disease which caused death is not made known at present. However, the state of Mr. Parnell's health from the day he took his bed has been such as to baffle the physicians. In spite of their efforts to save his life, Mr. Parnell gradually sank lower and lower until he expired in the arms of Mrs. Parnell, who is utterly prostrated by the shock.

Like a Thunderbolt.

In this city particularly the news of Mr. Parnell's death came down like a thunderbolt in political circles. Nobody so far as at present known was even aware that he was indisposed, and consequently when it became known that the Irish leader was dead, naturally the first idea formed was that he had committed suicide.

As the day wore on, however, it leaked out from the statements from his intimate friends that Mr. Parnell had complained to recently of not feeling as well as usual, but it was not thought by anybody that there was anything serious in them, the symptoms referred to by the late member for Cork City, though he was thinner than he was last year. The last time Mr. Parnell appeared in public was at Creegs, in Ireland, on September 27, when he delivered a long speech upon the attitude and alleged inconsistencies of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. Upon that occasion Mr. Parnell stated that he was speaking in defiance of the orders of the doctors who were attending him, and who had expressly ordered him to keep his room.

Charles Stewart Parnell.

[Charles Stewart Parnell was born at Avondale, County Wicklow, in 1846. He was descended from an English family that had been settled for many generations in Ireland. His mother is a daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, well a known American naval officer Mr. Parnell was educated altogether in England and was a student of Magdalen, Cambridge. He was almost typically English in manner and appearance. In 1874 he became high sheriff of Wicklow, and was beaten in an effort to enter Parliament. Next year he returned for the county Meath in succession to John Martin, and for one year took no part in the work of the House. He became gradually more prominent, until in 1880 he was elected president of Home Rule confederation in the place of Isaac Butt. He was subsequently elected to represent the city of Cork. He displayed remarkable ability, both as a parliamentary leader and manager, and as an organizer in the interest of the Irish Home Rule party. He identified himself with the tenant farmers of Ireland in struggles with absenteeism and high rents, and was chiefly instrumental in forming and sustaining the land league of 1879-80"

In December, 1879, Mr. Parnell made a visit to the United States, with the design of interesting the Irish-American population in the cause of the Irish tenantry. While in this country he lectured before several state legislatures, and finally before the House of Representatives at Washington. The honor of addressing both houses of Congress had previously conferred upon but three persons —Lafayette, Kossuth and Bishop England of Charleston. Upon his return home he became bitter in his attitude towards the landlords and the government, and it was charged that this led to disorder in Ireland. From this charge he was subsequently vindicated.

In November, 1880, informations were laid by the Irish attorney general against Mr. Parnell and other members of the land league executive. The trial ended in a disagreement of the jury. In the opening of the session of 1881, the government brought in a coercion bill, and to that measure, as well as to the arrest bill, Mr. Parnell and his colleagues offered an obstinate opposition, prolonged over seven weeks. February 3, he and 36 of his followers were removed for the persistent tactics of delaying obstruction in the house of commons. Land league demonstrations followed the passage of the land act, and the government proclaimed the land league to be an illegal association, and Mr. Parnell issued the "No-Rent" manifesto. Mr. Parnell remained in Kilmainham jail till April, 1882, when he was released on parole in order to attend the funeral of a relative. He was formally released May 2. Then followed the resignation of Mr. Foster and Lord Cowper, the Phoenix park murderers and the stormy debates on the crimes bill. In these instances and the subsequent organization of the national league in 18 3, and in parliament in 1884-5, Mr. Parnell was the most conspicuous figure. On the dissolution of parliament he returned backed by eighty-five members. It was to meet this situation that Mr. Gladstone proposed home rule, in which he was supported by Mr. Parnell and the whole strength of the party. The sensations growing out of the Pigott commission and the *Times* libel suit, are of too recent occurrence to need special mention here.

Misfortune overtook Mr. Parnell in public notice of his relations to Mrs. O'Shea, whom he recently married. The attitude of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish bishops compelled his deposition as an Irish leader.]

While Mr. Parnell was speaking at Creegs it was noticed that he was very pale and that, in other respects, he was not the same man he had been in the past. In addition to his pallor, which seemed to denote failing health, Mr. Parnell, on the occasion referred to, carried his left arm in a sling. His friends, upon asking him the cause of this, were informed that he was suffering from rheumatism.

Startling Poster in Dublin.

CORK, Oct. 9.—Large sensational posters have been placarded on walls, fences and other places throughout this city. These posters have deep mourning borders, and bear in their centers the words:

MURDERED

TO PLEASE ENGLISHMEN.

Together with verses denouncing the McCarthyites and the *United Ireland's* articles; declaring that Parnell was murdered and imploring the people to remain tranquil. The posters are stirring up much excitement.

Last Letter to His Mother.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Oct. 10.—Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, mother of the great Irish homerule leader, has consented to the publication of the following extracts from the last letter she received from her distinguished son:

"I am weary, dear mother, of those troubles—weary unto death—but it is all in a good cause, and with help and the assistance of my friends I am confident of the result. The statements of my enemies, so often made regarding my relations with you, are on a par with the calumnies they shoot out at me from every bush. Let them pass. They will die from their own venom. Indeed, it would be dignifying them to notice their existence."

Funeral Ceremonies.

DUBLIN, Oct. 12.—The remains of Charles Stewart Parnell arrived at Kingstown at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. After leaving London there were no demonstrations along the railway route until Chester was reached. Here large deputations from Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Newcastle-on-Tyne and other places joined the train. Mr. Parnell's colleagues in parliament, including Messrs. John E. Redmond, of Wexford; John O'Connor, of Tipperary; John Nolan, of Louth; Henry Campbell, of Fermanagh; Dr. James G. Fitzgerald, of Longford, and James J. O'Kelly, of Roscommon, extended greetings to the various deputations.

The funeral train reached Holyhead at about 2 o'clock. It was a typical British October morning—dark, dismal, wet, cold and hazy. Notwithstanding the unfavorable surroundings, eager groups of people had collected on the quay.

The journey across was eventless, the boat making the passage in a gale of wind and through torrents of rain. At Kingston a crowd had collected to receive the remains on Irish soil. Mr. Parnell's friends and former colleagues gathered around the coffin in absolute silence, which was unbroken even by the exchange of friendly greetings until after the transference of the body to the railway carriage. The short distance was soon made—the train arriving at the Dublin station at half past 7. A vast, but silent crowd with uncovered heads awaited the train as it rolled into the station.

Upon being removed from the train the case was taken from the coffin, which was then lifted into a hearse, a panel of glass exposing the coffin to view. Wreaths and other floral tributes literally covered the top of the hearse, and were piled around the coffin case. As the march proceeded the crowd grew denser, yet they kept clear of the line of the procession along the whole route to Castle Hill, where the serried ranks of people occupied every inch of space

At 10 o'clock the gates were opened, and instantly the people poured into the hall. The body lay in the council chamber—a large, circular room, now heavily draped in black, relieved by a scroll of white satin and looped festoons, bearing in black letters the last words of the dead chief.

The coffin was buried in masses of wreaths, floral crosses, Irish harps and other floral designs.

From 10 o'clock till 2 in the afternoon a continuous stream of people poured into the city hall. It is estimated that 40,000 persons availed themselves of the last opportunity of paying their respects to the illustrious dead. The ceremony of lying in state was to have been closed at noon, but the crowd was so numerous that the closing of the doors was postponed till after 2 o'clock, and even then hundreds were obliged to go away disappointed.

At a quarter of 3 the procession started, lead by the executive of the leadership committee. Following came the bier, drawn by six coal-black horses, surrounded by the parliamentary colleagues of Mr. Parnell. As the coffin passed, almost hidden in flowers, every head in the vast assembly was uncovered. Mr. Parnell's favorite horse followed the bier. Then came a strong body of the Clan-na-Gaels.

By 4 o'clock the police became overwhelmed by the power of the ever increasing crowd, and by the withdrawal of a portion of their force, who went to try to clear a way for the funeral at the entrance gates to the cemetery. When the first part of the procession reached the lower gate, at 5 o'clock, it was found to be impossible to penetrate the dense masses. In the struggle with the onlookers the police were obliged to abandon the attempt to drive them back. The surging crowd around the gate seeking to see the cortege, met the great contending wave of others trying to enter. A scene of confusion ensued. The procession for a time was checked and thrown into disarray and lasted until 7 o'clock.

Death of Sir John Pope Hennessy.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—Coupled with the announcement this morning that Mr. Parnell died last night was the news that Sir John Pope Hennessy, member of parliament for North Kilkenney, was also dead. Sir John Pope Hennessy, it will be remembered, immediately after the exposure of the O'Shea divorce in 1889, contested the North Kilkenny election, backed up by Mr. Parnell's opponents, and defeated the Parnellite candidate, Vincent Scully, by 147 votes. This was a great, and possibly the greatest test of strength between the Parnellites and McCarthyites, and the defeat of Mr. Scully no doubt counted for a great deal in the future series of disasters which befell the Irish leader.

A DRUNKEN MOTHER

Attempts to Drag Her Children Through the New York Streets With a Rope.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Ellen McDevitt, aged 33 years, has been sent to the island for three months from the Yorkville Police court. She was arrested for intoxication. John Ryan was with her and shared her imprisonment because he was drunk. The woman was carrying an infant 18 months old, in her arms, and three other children, Katherine, aged 6 years, William aged 4 years and Patrick aged 3 years, were trudging wearily along ahead of the couple.

Agent King found that Mr. and Mrs. McDevitt and her children were dispossessed on Saturday morning and the children had wandered about with their drunken mother all day.

Margaret, the infant, was found to be in a dying condition from neglect and want of proper nourishment. She was sent to Bellevue. A neighbor named Mary Warner told Agent King that Mrs. McDevitt, while drunk on Friday, had tied a rope about the necks of her children, Katherine and William, and had tried to hang them, but was too drunk to succeed.

On August 16, 1889, both Mr. and Mrs. McDevitt were sent to the island for one month each as habitual drunkards, and their three children were sent to the Sisters of St. Dominick, but the couple afterward took the children out of the institution. McDevitt is a clerk in a grocery store at $8 per week. The children were sent to St. Agnus' home.

EFFECTUALLY QUELLED.

Incipient Uprising of Revolutionists That Didn't Pan Out According to Expectations.

MONTEVIDEO, Oct. 13.—The revolutionists who, on Sunday evening, attempted to create a serious disturbance here, have failed in their designs. The rioters were members of a revolutionary club which expected to be able to suborn the artillery corps of the garrison and to take possession of the city. The conspirators fired upon the loyal troops, and expected, at this signal, that the artillery would join forces with them. In this they were disappointed. The artillerymen remained true to their colors, and the conspiracy failed. The leaders of the revolutionary movement are now confined in prison, and it is expected that they will be summarily dealt with.

In the exchange of volleys which took place between the revolutionists and the loyal troops, six men were killed and seven wounded. Fifty-two persons, including the ringleaders of the conspiracy, are held in custody. The uprising has been effectually quelled, and to-day quiet prevails throughout Uruguay.

A TOWN BOYCOTTED.

Decidedly Novel and Unprecedented Move on the Part of the Farmers' Alliance in Texas.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 13.—A dispatch from Bonham, Tex., says one of the latest moves of the Farmers' Alliance, and one that causes a decided sensation in this section, is the boycotting of the town of Ladonia, in the northeastern part of the county. The boycott was inaugurated because the town council enacted a law prohibiting the running at large of stock in the corporate limits. The boycott was brought about by the impounding of three head of horses belonging to G. W. McGee, a member of the Alliance. Prang Gap Alliance is the first to open war, and their resolutions are as follows:

Resolved—First, That we forever sever our commercial relations with the town of Ladonia, and use our influence in behalf of other towns, unless said town of Ladonia shall amend its stock law, and return McGee's stock or the equivalent.

Second—That we petition all Alliance and good people in Delta, Fannin and Hunt counties to take some action to secure the return of said stock and an amendment to the Ladonia stock law.

Persia and the Fair.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The department of State is informed that the Persian government will permit the export of products intended for the exposition of 1893 at Chicago, free of duty, and that the exhibit will probably aggregate $200,000.

DISGRACED.

John Hoey Ignominiously Expelled From the Presidency for Malfeasance in Office—Cause of His Downfall.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—By the unanimous vote of the full board of managers yesterday John Hoey, president of the Adams Express company, was ousted from his position and the office declared vacant.

He had been charged with malfeasance in office. He had been connected with the company for thirty years.

THE TARIFF LAW.

Briefs Filed by Importers in Cases Involving the Constitutionality of the Law as Passed by Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 8.—(Special.) Briefs for the importers have been filed in the United States Supreme court in two of the pending cases involving the the constitutionality of the McKinley tariff act—those of Sternback & Co., of New York, and Marshall, Field & Co., of Chicago.

Both briefs are chiefly based upon the claim that the McKinley tariff act is void because of the omission by the enrolling clerk of the tobacco rebate section, which was stricken out of the original bill by the senate and afterwards restored in conference. Decisions as to legislative acts in several of the states are quoted, and among them is one which is claimed to be in a similar case by Appraiser Somerville, when he was justice of the Supreme court of Alabama, holding views directly opposite from those expressed in the opinion of the board of General Appraisers, sustaining the validity of the McKinley tariff act, which he wrote in support of the claim that the sugar bounties clause of the McKinley act is unconstitutional. Both briefs cite a decision of the late Justice Miller, of the United States supreme court, in which he declared: "To lay with one hand the power of the government upon the property of the citizens, and with the other bestow it upon favored individuals; to aid private enterprise and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called legislation."

This decision, however, was in regard to a railroad case and is not at all applicable to the present issue. The power given to the President in the third section of the act to reimpose duties upon tea, coffee, sugar and hides at his discretion, is declared in these briefs to be so obviously unconstitutional as to almost preclude argument.

The law officers of the government are not in any way alarmed by the broad statements and claims of these briefs, and when their answer shall be filed it will be evident that the McKinley bill is a perfectly valid act.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Blaine Says He Did Not Hear the Late Dr. Burchard's Unfortunate Reference to Romanism.

BRIDGTON, Me., Oct. 7.—A remarkable interview with James G. Blaine concerning his defeat in 1884 has been brought to light by the death of the Rev. Dr. Burchard and the arrival of Mr. Blaine at his Augusta home by a remarkable coincidence on the same day.

The election was over, the votes had been counted unofficially, and the returns pointed to the overthrow of Mr. Blaine and his party. The result was awaiting the official count. At this critical time Thomas B. Reed, Judge Bonney of the Supreme court, and Quarter-Master Barker of Portland ran up to Augusta to see Mr. Blaine. They were warmly welcomed, and after being seated in the parlor one of the visitors broached the all-important subject. Mr. Blaine's countenance assumed a sober, earnest expression, his eyes took on a strange luster, and his hand descended with vehemence upon the arm of his chair as he exclaimed: "O, that unfortunate Wednesday!"

He then went on to tell how his visit to New York the week preceding the national election was against his judgment. When he had last visited the city the canvass was progressing favorably, and he believed in letting well enough alone. It was not until after repeated deliberations of invitations that he yielded to the almost imperative demand and went. Then came the Delmonico banquet with its millionaire representatives, furnishing campaign "monopolists" capital to the opposition, and the Burchard episode at the ministers' Blaine reception in the Fifth Avenue hotel finished the business. Respecting the latter Mr. Blaine said:

"Unfortunately I failed to hear the more important portion of the Rev. Dr. Burchard's remarks. He spoke in a low voice, and there were all the time more or less noise and confusion from persons moving their feet and the constant hum of voices consequent upon an aggregation of thoughtless 'asides.' Had I heard or been informed of that fatal allusion to 'Romanism,' why of course I could readily have neutralized its effect then and there, but it was not until I glanced at the morning paper at the breakfast table that I discovered that dreadful blunder. It was too late to start an effectual back fire, and I knew by instinct that it was likely to bring defeat to the national ticket."

CLAUS SPRECKELS IS IN TROUBLE.

A Million-Dollar Damage Suit Has Been Filed Against Him.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 8.—Claus Spreckels is having an interesting time with his million-dollar damage suit at Honolulu. The Spreckelses were sued for $1,000,000 by George W. MacFarlane, a sugar planter of Hawaii, and a letter from the islands says that the case can not come up before the January term of court.

At the October term the court ruled that the president of the MacFarlane Sugar company could not bring the suit in his own name as an aggrieved stockholder, and must apply to the court for permission, and the court will grant an order making the MacFarlane company the plaintiffs, and the Spreckles company the defendants. Sympathy and betting in the case are largely in favor of MacFarlane.

When John D. Spreckles was asked for his version of the case, he said his recent visit to Honolulu was for pleasure only, and added that the case had been thrown out of court. The million dollar suit is for sugar plantation and mills owned by MacFarlane but appropriated by Spreckles.

BLACK FEVER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Genuine Case of the Terrible Disease Discovered at Uniondale.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Oct. 10.—The village of Uniondale is alarmed by the appearance of a case that has been pronounced by a council of physicians as genuine black fever. The patient has died, and there is great fear that other cases will break out. This malady is very rare, but it is pronounced by physicians the most fatal and horrible of all infectious diseases. In 1854 this city was visited by an epidemic which resulted in an average of eight deaths a day for over a month, and others who survived were left helplessly crippled or dumb.

The fever carries many of its victims off in ten hours' time, and in all cases the body turns black after death. At the time of the great epidemic here all the clergymen but two and many physicians fled from the town.

CORNERED IN THE CREEK NATION.

The Dalton Gang Run Down and Surrounded by a Possee.

GURTHIE, O. T., Oct. 12.—A deputy marshall coming in from the Creek nation states that Marshall Heck Thomas and the California detective who was sent here, accompanied by a party of Indians, have cornered the Dalton gang in the western part of the reservation. They have captured their supplies and trailed them to their rendezvous. The Daltons have sent a note to Marshal Thomas, warning him to go away and let them alone on the peril of his life. They say their position is impregnable, and they will kill every man attempting to capture them.

ECUMENICAL.

Delegates Present from the Four Quarters of the Globe—Subjects to Come Before the Body for Action.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—(Special)—Probably the greatest religious assemblage ever gathered together in the world is to-day commencing its sessions in the Metropolitan Methodist church in this city. This church has a national importance, for it was built partly by national contributions during the administration of Gen. Grant, and was the church which the general and his family attended during the two terms of his Presidency. Rev. J. P. Newman, now bishop in the Episcopal church, was the pastor, and the opponents of General Grant used to include Dr. Newman in their abuse. Don Piatt, when he ran the *Capital*, hardly allowed an issue to pass without he had something to say about Dr. Newman, who, he alleged, was "the keeper of the Presidential conscience."

It is in this Metropolitan Methistod church that is assembled the great Ecumenical council of the Methodist church, representing 45 millions of the members of that religious denomination throughout the world. There are here 500 delegates from every quarter of the globe and representing every branch of Methodism. In point of numbers and in the extent of its influence this religious gathering, which is one of the greatest in the century, has no equal. The first Ecumenical conference was held in London in 1881. It was an important assembly, but the one which has drawn to this city the followers of the system instituted by John Wesley, far overshadows it. Delegates including some of the most noted divines of the world are here, and thousands of laymen have come to attend the discussions which will cover every subject of interest to the great evangelistic denomination. The relations between the different bodies of Wesleyism, and between the church and the unconverted of mankind will be discussed by the oldest thinkers of the various sects.

The conference will last until October 20, and each session will see some important discussion upon a subject of current interest to the church or to public morals. The complete programme of the conference is as follows:

Wednesday, Oct. 7.—Sermon at 10 a. m.; sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Afternoon—Election of officers; address of welcome and responses.

Thursday, Oct. 8.—Topic, "Ecumenical Methodism." Morning—Papers and addresses on "The Present Status of Methodism in the Eastern Section." Afternoon—"The Present Status of Methodism in the Western Section."

Friday, Oct. 9.—Topic, "The Christian Church, Its Essential Unity and Genuine Catholicity." Morning—"Christian Unity." Afternoon—"Christian Co-operation."

Saturday, October 10.—Topic: "The Church and Scientific Thought." Morning—"The Influence of Modern Scientific Progress on Religious Thought."

Sunday, October 11.—Memorial sermon on John Wesley.

Monday, October 12.—Topic: "The Church and Her Agencies." "The Responsibilities and Qualifications of the Preacher." Afternoon—"The Religious Press and the Religious Uses of the Secular Press."

Tuesday, October 13.—Topic: "The Church and Her Agencies," continued. Morning—"The Place and Power of Lay Agencies in the Church;" "The Deaconess Movement;" "Methodist Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods." Afternoon—"Woman's Work in the Church."

Wednesday, October 14.—Topic: "Education." Morning—"Religious Training and Culture of the Young;" "The Family;" "The Sunday School." Afternoon—"Elementary Education, How It May Best Be Promoted;" "The Ethics of Elementary Education;" "Sectarian and State Education;" "Secondary Education." Evening—"The Broadest Facilities for Higher Education;" "The Duty of the Church to Christian Education."

Thursday, October 15.—Topic: "Romanism." Morning—"The Present Position of Romanism." Afternoon topic—"Temperance;" "Legal Prohibition of the Saloon."

Friday, October 16.—Topic: "Social Problems." Morning—"The Church and Her relation to Labor and Capital," "The Moral Aspect of Labor Combinations and Strikes." Afternoon—"Christian Work Among the Poor," "Christian Work Among the Rich," "Christian Work in Agricultural Districts." Evening—Missions, "Missions in Heathen Lands," "Missions in Christian Lands."

Saturday, October 17.—Topic: "War and Peace." Morning—"International Arbitration."

Monday, October 19.—"The Church and Public Morality." Morning—"Legal Restraint on the Wives in Society," "Marriage and Divorce Laws." Afternoon—"The Lord's Day," "The Attitude of the Church Toward Amusements."

Tuesday, October 20.—Topic: "The Outlook." Morning—"Christian Resources of the Old World." Afternoon—"The Church of the Future."

AN EARTHQUAKE

At Napa, Cal., Causes the People to Rush into the Street in Their Night Clothes.

NAPA, Cal., Oct. 12.—The heaviest earthquake shock ever felt here was experienced at 10:34 o'clock last night. People rushed into the streets in their night clothes, in great excitement. Chimneys toppled over; several buildings were shattered and badly shaken up. Drug store fixtures suffered greatly, bottles being thrown from the shelves to the floor, and other damage was done. The Masonic Temple, in the building was shattered. At the state insane asyium great excitement prevailed, the patients being almost uncontrollable. It is reported that the building cracked and that other damage was done.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BLUE SUNDAY.

Nothing Sold in Baltimore Yesterday but Milk and Ice.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 12.—Yesterday was a blue Sunday for the proprietors of cigar stores, ice cream dealers, druggists and candy shop keepers. The old Sabbath laws, resurrected last week by Gen. John S. Berry, foreman of the new grand jury, were by orders of that body rigidly enforced by the police, to the great inconvenience of the public. Ice cream dealers and butchers were not even permitted to serve orders given them and paid for Saturday and the only food articles allowed to be sold were milk and ice.

The police commissioners declined to enforce the law in the sale of newspapers, and the Sunday papers were served and sold at the news stands as usual. To test the law, a firm of news dealers who largely handle Baltimore, New York and Philidelphia papers, were notified that they would be summoned to appear before the grand jury.

FARMERS TO BUILD AN ELEVATOR.

One With a Capacity of 1,000,000 Bushels to be Constructed at West Superior.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Oct. 10.—It is announced here that the Farmers' Alliance of Minnesota will build a 1,000,000 bushel wheat elevator here, commencing this fall and having it ready for next season's crop. The elevator will be built by a stock company composed wholly of grain growers. The capital stock, $1,000,000, is to be divided into shares of $10 each. A committee appointed by the Grain Growers' Association is now here, it is said, to select a site.

Heavy Failure in Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 9.—A. S. Mann & Co., dry goods dealers, have failed for $100,000. The firm was one of the oldest in the city and the failure is a great surprise. H. B. Claflin is the largest preferred creditor, $20,000. W. R. M. Jordan, Claflin's financial man, is assignee.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA the great SKIN CURE, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c

ATLANTIC STORM.

Arrival of the Augusta Victoria After a Most Tempestuous Voyage—Several Passengers Injured.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—This is the season of cyclones, and life afloat is attended with peril and much physical discomfort. Nobody who knows anything about the moods of the October Atlantic expects even the swiftest liner to run on schedule time; but even those versed in nautical lore expect such ships as the Augusta Victoria, the Alaska and La Bretagne to do better against wind and sea than they did on this voyage. The Alaska has not yet been heard from, and the Augusta Victoria was not sighted until early this morning, and the Umbria, one of the best of the storm defiers of the Cunard line, due yesterday morning, was not reported off the bar at Sandy Hook until 8:30 o'clock last night. A wind that closely approached a gale, blowing 44 miles an hour, was then

Whipping Up the Seas

and tumbling tall breakers on the Jersey shore. The Umbria's pilot decided that he would lie outside until the wind moderated. So down the big ship's anchors splashed and she began rolling in a way that made even the stoutest wish he were going ahead.

The wind did not moderate, and the Umbria weighed anchor at 10:45 o'clock and steamed up inside the Hook to a more comfortable anchorage. Even at quarantine, the seas, lashed by a forty-mile norther, washed over the wharf. The two steamers report that they became entangled in the cyclone which shook the souls of the passengers on the City of Paris last Tuesday, and also had the hard luck to meet the cyclone that rolled from the Florida coast seaward in a northeasterly direction Friday last. The Alaska is only about a day overdue, and she has probably met the worst weather that has ever been recorded in her log.

The Augusta Victoria arrived at her dock shortly before noon, and her officers reported that from October 4 to 9 she experienced heavy westerly gales with

A Tremendously High Sea,

From the 9th, light, changeable winds and rainy weather prevailed. The steamer sustained no damage, but during the gales she rolled and pitched heavily and several of the saloon passengers who attempted to move about the vessel were thrown down, and a number of them had their arms or legs broken. Eight or more were severely cut about the head by being thrown against obstacles. The officers of the Umbria report that that vessel took the first heavy weather on October 5, and that it continued until the 9th.

A heavy head wind prevailed and a high sea was running. The steamer sustained no damage. A few of the passengers, however, were injured. On October 7, Mrs. C. P. Moorman, of Louisville, Ky., died of apoplexy. Her body was brought to this port. On October 4, the Umbria, which was then 81 miles west of Fastnet, spoke a steamer which had passed the Gulon line steamer Alaska from Liverpool for New York.

MORMONS KICKING.

Lengthy Set of Resolutions Adopted Relative to a Recent Report Filed with the Secretary of the Interior.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Oct. 7.—At yesterday's session of the Mormon conference a lengthy set of resolutions was adopted relative to the statement made by a majority of the Utah commission in a recent report to the secretary of the Interior. The resolutions set forth that the commission made many untruthful statements concerning the church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, and the attitude of its members in relation to political affairs, etc.

The general conference, in these resolutions, deny most emphatically the assertion of the commission that the church dominates its members in political matters, and that church and state are united. Whatever appearance there may have been in the past of union of church and state, the cause was, say the resolutions, that those holding ecclesiastical authority were elected to civil office by the popular vote. There is now no foundation or excuse for the statement that church and state are united in Utah, or that the leaders of the church dictate to members in political matters. No coercion or any other influence whatever of an ecclesiastical nature has been exercised on us by our church leaders in reference to what political party we shall join, and we have been and are perfectly free to unite with any or no political party as we may individually elect. That the People's party has been entirely and finally dissolved and that our fealty henceforth will be to such national party as seems to us best suited to the prosperity of a republican government.

The resolutions further declare that the members of the conference do not believe there has been any polygamous marriages solemnized among the Latter Day Saints during the period named by the commission, and denounce the statements which convey the idea that such marriages have been contracted as false and misleading. They protest against perversions of fact, principle and intent contained in the report of the commission and declare that the manifesto of President Woodruff forbidding future plural marriages was adopted at last October conference in all sincerity and good faith, and that we have every reason to believe it has been carried out in letter and spirit. The conference appeals to press and people to accept its united declaration and protests; to give it publicity and aid in disseminating truth that falsehood may be refuted and justice done to people continually and almost universally misunderstood.

Following this a declaration, signed by President Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, was adopted saying the commission's report of polygamous marriages was utterly without foundation in truth and repeating, in the most solemn manner, the declaration by President Woodruff at the last general conference; that there has been no plural marriages during the period named; that polygamy had not been taught and that that practice had been strictly forbidden.

After the usual election of officers, the present incumbents being retained, the conference adjourned.

ASHAMED OF THE POPE.

Dr. McGlynn Commisserates the Head of the Catholic Church for His Alleged Senility.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Rev. Dr. McGlynn opened his winter series of Sunday night lectures, at Cooper Union, last night, by a talk on the Pope. He said that the time might come when "we will have a Democratic Pope who will walk down Broadway with a stovepipe hat on his head." Personality, he said, he had been emancipated from diplomatic relations with the Pope and was consequently competent to give him unprejudicial advice.

He advised him not to listen to the flattery of such men as Archbishop Corrigan, who, while assuring him that he was the greatest pope who ever lived, was getting ready to assure the next one that he is greater than all predecessors. In the language of New Yorkers such flattery was "taffy." He commiserated the pope on approaching senility and wound up by saying: "Holy father, I am ashamed of you."

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Downfall and Death of Dr. Joseph Benson, Formerly a Member of the Boston Priesthood.

CASPER, Wyo., Oct. 13.—Dr. Joseph Benson, confined in the county jail last night for drunkenness, set fire to the building and was burned to death. Benson claimed to have been ordained a Catholic priest in Boston years ago, but was silenced because of drink. When intoxicated he claimed that his right name was Joseph P. Riley, and that he had killed a man near Farmington, Mass., for which he was sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years, but escaped in a bakers' wagon through the assistance of his brother.

He was well-known in the West, and for several years had been army surgeon at Fort Robinson.

STRONG RESOLUTIONS

Denouncing Concerted Efforts of The Roman Catholic Hierarchy to Denationalize American Institutions.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 13.—The Presbyterian synod of Kansas, in session in Kansas City, Ks., to-day passed strong resolutions concerning Catholicism and immigration.

The resolutions state that the synod views "with apprehension the concerted efforts of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to denationalize our institutions by submitting the nationalisms and customs of continental Europe in their place; and we insist upon the teaching of the English language in all the public schools as the language of this country; and we are opposed to the formation of little Germanys and little Italys and any other clannish tendencies which keep immigrants from becoming a homogenious part of our population."

The government is denounced for appropriating money to the Catholic Indian schools and urged to establish unsectarian public Indian schools.

THE RAIN-MAKER.

Melbourne's Experiments in Kansas Satisfactory to the Farmers—Contracts for Next Year.

GOODLANDS, Kan., Oct. 9.—Frank Melbourne, the Australian rain-maker, has closed his experimenting at this place. To the committee of citizens who have him under contract he explained that the cold nights counteracted all the work he did during the day, and that it was useless for him to experiment further. Since his experimenting began, Northwestern Kansas has received more rain than has ever fell during the fall season in this section. Whether or not the mystery machine has brought the rains, the people in this section of the country have every confidence in him.

Yesterday a mass meeting of citizens was held and Melbourne was asked to submit a proposition for watering certain counties in Western Kansas. His proposition was to water them for ten cents for each cultivated acre. There were this year 2,000,000 acres under cultivation in the counties which it is proposed to water next spring. To raise this amount the county commissioners will have to levy a tax. The opinions of leading attorneys in the state were read, showing that this could be done under the irrigation law passed last winter. If Melbourne does not produce the rain he will receive nothing. A convention of the counties interested will be called, at which the proposition will be submitted.

HEAVY ASSIGNMENT.

Two Members of the American Wheel Works Trust Driven to the Wall by Creditors.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—A special dispatch from Indianapolis, Ind., is as follows: Julius F. Pratt and Addison Bybee, of the old Sarven Wheel works, now part of the American Wheel works trust, have made an assignment, and Rement Lyman has been appointed asignee. Pratt holds $220,000 and Bybee $209,000 in the American wheel works, and each has $12,500 in the B. B. S. company, of Dayton, O., and $18,000 in the Indianapolis Wagon company.

All their real estate holdings are included in the assignment, portions in this city being subject to $55,000 mortgage. The failure is due to the assignment made by the American wheel works, in which both gentlemen are heavily interested.

Death of Ex-Governor Bigelow.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 12.—Ex-Gov. Bigelow died at the New Haven house at 8:33 a. m.

Seven of the men implicated in the lynching at Omaha Friday night have been arrested on the charge of murder.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The influx of gold from Europe has a marked effect upon the supply of money in New York, as shown by the increase of over $3,500,000 in the total reserve held by the banks of that city. The Chicago banks report that the Western country bankers have not drawn nearly so much money as is usual at this time of the year, because the West has more money than is usual at this time of the year. Call money was firm but dull during the week at New York, averaging about 5 per cent, and closing on Saturday at 8 per cent offered. Mercantile paper closed at 5½@7½ per cent.

STOCKS.—The week opened with a continuance of the upward spurt which marked the previous week's close, but then weakened and declined. The persistent efforts of bear speculators, however, could not break the market. As it grew duller it became narrower, and the great bulk of the dealings were confined to not over a dozen different stocks. The strong undercurrent of confidence is based on the following solid facts: The import of gold from Europe at an average rate of a million dollars a day; the magnificent harvests, the free export movement of cereals, and the healthy condition of the trade of the country in all leading lines, thus rendering heavy traffic on our railroads a certainty; and the demand for money in the West to move the crops fully supplied, thus making an easier money market. It is certain, when these factors are taken into consideration, that the stock market must advance, and retain that advance.

Why, then, the dull, inactive, narrow market of the past week? It appears to be simply because the general public, who were coming increasingly into Wall street to buy stocks for investment, were frightened by JAY GOULD'S performances in Missouri Pacific. It is not to be wondered at that this was so. Missouri Pacific has been a steady dividend-paying stock—one of the class that the outside public, of course, would purchase. The passing of the dividend, and the revelation of the fact that all this year the road has not earned the dividends which had been declared, was well calculated to frighten off investors. They simply drew off, and are awaiting developments. But while they have stopped buying, they appear to have no disposition to part with any st